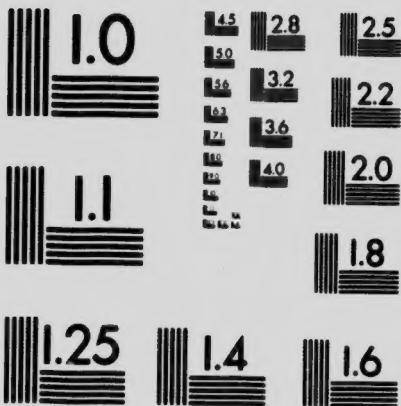




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"MAMIE."

GARNER'D SHEAVES

OR,

HANDFU'S FRAE FAR AN' NEAR

BY
The Author of "PRAIRIE CHICKENS."

In Memoriam
"MAMIE" LEFT-HAND.

No a lassie o' the hameland, juist a prairie-maiden she—
Juist a little Redskin lassie o' the West;
Born an' bred amang the wigwams far awa' yont the sea,
I' the "mansions" o' the Hameland ca'ed to rest.

LONDON
ARTHUR H. STOCKWELL,
29, LUDGATE HILL, E.C.

TO MY SISTER.

To one who, loving, serveth much,
From one who loveth, serving not,
Yet reaching forth a hand to touch
Yon Love whence Service is begot.

Not always ought she what she would,
Yet ever sought she what she should,
And daily thought she what she could
be doing

AUTHOR'S NOTE.

As thro' the maze of life we stray,
We know not what shall next befall ;
An we should chance to lose the way,
Blest be that shall our steps recall !

As a slight material acknowledgment on the part of one to whom has been vouchsafed "a great deliverance," all profits upon this volume will be devoted toward the endowment of the Mary Left-har ("Mamie") Cot in the Sanatorium for Children Threatened with Consumption, in course of erection at Harpenden, Herts., under the auspices of The National Children's Home and Orphanage, of Bonner Road, London, N.E.

"You have but to go from the miserable rooms in which these children live and die to such a house of peace and gladness as we can provide, to feel that if there is a Christ-like work to be done on earth it is this. . . . If the people of this great city only knew what we know of the sufferings of these children and of the door of hope that can be opened for them, they would give us not ten thousand but ten thousand times ten thousand guineas."

Mr. Sheriff Wakefield (1908).

"A friend in need is a friend indeed,"
And the journey of life is fateful ;
For the kindly part of a kindly heart
A friend to a friend is grateful.

The Singer sang ! . . .
O Singer, list ! a whisper in thine ear !
O Singer ! hast thou naught to do but sing ?
None other message to the World to bring
Beyond thine idle song from year to year ?

The Singer sigh'd ! . . .
A minor cadence o'er the music stole,
A hush upon the melody there fell ;
Less blithely sang the Singer ; crept a spell
Of melancholy o'er the Singer's soul.

The Singer ceased ! . . .
O Singer ! hast thou naught the World to bring
Beyond the molten music of thy song ?
Then peace be with thee ! God direct thy tongue !
What talent hath the Singer save to sing ?

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PART I.

From dawn to set of sun, from eve
Thro' hours of darkness unto day,
With varied interests our way
Across life's desert we achieve.

LIFE.

(A SKETCH.)

Two pictures—Painlessness and Suffering—
Gaze only and be silent.

Careless Ease,
With vagrant fingers toying with the string
Of Fortune ; careful Pain, upon her knees,
With earnest effort ravelling the skein
Of tangled Circumstance : portray'd above,
Ease gently chiding, sweetly soothing Pain,
A gracious Providence, enshrined in Love.

Draw nigh, yet gazing.

Fortune's skein, uncheck'd
And fluent, thro' the warp and woof of Time
By vagrant fingers woven, doth reflect
From out Eternity a glimpse sublime :
A glimpse of Happiness and Joy serene,
A glimpse of Glory on a distant shore,
A glimpse of what shall be thro' what hath
been—

Of Ease consummated for evermore.

More nigh, yet nigher, gazing.

Lo ! the hand
Of dauntless Pain full-patiently doth weave
From tangled Circumstance the ravell'd
strand,
From Chaos order'd Beauty doth achieve ;
Till mirror'd on the surface Rest and Peace,
Thro' Time foreshadow'd from Eternity,
Where weary Toil and Suffering shall cease,
And fullest recompense of Pain shall be.

“ INASMUCH—”

Not who shapes the tools for service, not who
wings the shaft for flight,
But who bends the bow to battle bears the
bay ;
Yet may song inspire to action and may pen
impel to fight,
Fall the laurels in the conflict where they
may.

* * * *

To the hearths and homes of England flits a
Phantom on the wing ;
Sits a Spectre, gaunt and hungry, at the
feast,
In the cottage of the peasant, in the palace of
King :

“ Inasmuch as ye have done it to the least—

“ Inasmuch as ye have done it, ye have done
it unto Me.”—

Have ye done it ? is there nothing ye may do?
Is it nothing that we famish ? that we fall ?
Behold and see !

We are hunger'd—is it nothing unto you ?

“ I was hunger'd and ye fed Me—ye can feed
Me an ye will ;

I was thirsty and ye gave to Me to drink ;
I was naked and ye clothed Me—ye can clothe
and feed Me still :

I am nearer to your threshold than ye
think.”

“ Be ye warm'd and fil'd ! depart ye ! go in
peace ! ”—“ *Behold, I go !* ”

Flits the Phantom, wan and wasted, on the
breeze :

“ 'Tis to Me ye have refused it, ye shall surely,
surely know,
Inasmuch as ye have done it not to these.”

"OF QUEENS' GARDENS."

"There is no suffering, no injustice, no misery in the earth, but the guilt of it lies with you : . . . it is you only who can feel the depths of pain and conceive the way of its healing. Instead of trying to do this, you turn away from it ; you shut yourselves within your park walls and garden gates ; and you are content to know that there is beyond them a whole world in wilderness—a world of secrets which you dare not penetrate and of suffering which you dare not conceive."

RUSKIN (" *Sesame and Lilies* ").

Ah, ye who shut yourselves within
Your walléd parks and garden gates,
Content to know a world of sin
Beyond in wilderness awaits !

A world of secrets to disclose,
A world of suff'ring to relieve ;
Ye dare not contemplate the woes,
Nor dare the mysteries conceive ;

Who sit enthroned in vacant ease,
At loveless leisure to forget,
With folded hands on feeble knees,
Dull debtors, mindless of your debt.

Not yours to choose that "better part"
Of Mary at the Master's feet ;
Nor cumber'd, with the zealous heart
Of Martha, serving others' meat.

The depths of pain ye will not feel,
The sights of ill ye will not see,
The alien wounds ye shun to heal,
Await in vain your ministry.

ALOOF.

See, amid the toil and turmoil,
 'Mid the struggle and the strife,
'Mid the tramping and the traffic
 Of the journeying of life ;
Where in fellowship of patience,
 In companionship of grief,
In persistent perseverance
 Man encompasseth relief :
 Silent, self-concentred, supine,
 Tried and tested, put to proof,
 Craven-spirited, insensate—
 One aloof !

See, amid the love and laughter,
 'Mid the purity and peace,
'Mid the ardour and affection
 Of a home-bred happiness ;
Where the spirit findeth solace
 In a sense of duty done,
And the load of life is lighten'd
 At the setting of the sun :
 Silent, self-concentred, supine,
 Tried and tested, put to proof,
 Craven-spirited, insensate—
 One aloof !

DE PROFUNDIS.

All-wise Creator, loving Lord,
Who hatest naught that draweth breath,
And wouldest not a sinner's death,—
On Thee I call :
By virtue of Thy living Word,
My soul release
To life and peace,
Of Sin and Self the hapless thrall.

Christ Jesus, mortal son of man,
Whose human feet this earth have trod ;
Immortal Saviour, Son of God,—
Thou knowest all :
Sin's victim ere the world began,
Sin's Victor, free
My soul to Thee,
Of Sin and Self the hapless thrall.

Eternal Spirit, Lord of life,
Divine Bequeathal, gracious Guest,
For service strength in labour rest,—
Alone I stand :
Vouchsafe Thy presence in the strife ;
My soul endue
With grace anew,
Of Sin and Self the hapless thrall.

Creator, Saviour, Spirit, hear,
And in Thy mercy grant my pray'r !

A PLEA.

"I find it absolutely inconceivable that He should have so arranged the avenues of knowledge that we can attain to truths which it is His will that we should master only through the unutterable agonies of beings which trust in us. . . . Better, then, than any precarious increase of our acquaintance with phenomena—better than any fresh supply of vital force drawn for man from the mutilated beast—better than a brief span possibly added to our earthly sojourn, is the pure consciousness that we have not broken down the barriers of a holy reverence, or sought relief for our own pain by inflicting it on some weaker being."—

B. F. WESTCOTT.

Poor, helpless sacrifice to human good !
'Twere surely well to dare and boldly face
The God-ordain'd, relentless debt of Death
With heart unstain'd and mind unsear'd by
sharp
And burning heat of penitent remorse,
For life—at best uncertain ; doom'd to meet
The final great reverse despite of all
Postponement—life prolong'd at such a cost
Of untold agony. Oh, heart of man !

Oh, callous, callous heart ! to seek relief
For human woe and, seeking, to inflict
On dumb creation, helpless to express
One quickest pang—save where the eye
betrays

The tortured frame—intensity of pain.
Oh, shame ! thrice shame ! that one who
bears the stamp

Of God's own image, thus should condescend
To work of demons : that the God of love,
Who deign'd to consecrate the human form
To use divine, and, Man for brother-man,
Endured vicarious grief and agony
To respite man, should thus behold how dead
The heart of man to sympathy.

'Tis well

That science should be made to serve the end
Of human good : but " good " of human kind
Achieved at such a cost were inhumane ;
And inhumanity, tl. ' in the name
Of Science, or of " human good " alone,
Were scanty good : nay, rather die humane
Than draw one breath of heav'n amid the
throes

Of poor dumb, tortured, helpless animals !

THE CAMPAIGN OF DEATH.

Death, King of Terrors, high-enthroned
His servile courtiers among,
Consulteth darkly to be own'd
Supreme by fresh allegiance wrung—
An added lustre to his name—
From parchéd lip and wasted frame.

Beneath the roval seal and hand
Commission'd to perform his will,
Slow-paceth Famine thro' the land
The fatal mandate to fulfil—
In adding lustre to his name
From parchéd lip and wasted frame.

Dread agent of a despot sway,
Before whose tyranny subdued
His abject victims homage pay
And fealty of servitude—
An added lustre to his name
From parchéd lip and wasted frame.

Lo ! reinforcement to the fight,
Death, King of Terrors, puissant lord,
With whetted lust of appetite,
Despatcheth Pestilence abroad—
Yet adding lustre to his name
From parchéd lip and wasted frame.

Relentless, on the stricken field
The armies of invasion meet ;
Anon triumphant, tribute yield
The vanquish'd at the victor's feet—
An added lustre to his name
From parchéd lip and wasted frame.

THE BLESSING OF DEATH.

Dead ! dead ! dead !—

Do we know what it is to die ?
Is it death we fear
In our sojourn here ?
The terrors of death we fly ?
The gloom of the valley to which we draw ?
The shadows of night doth our soul abhor ?—
Is it death, mere death, we dread ?

Dead ! dead ! dead !—

Do we know what it is to live ?
Is it life we love ?
Have we yet to prove
The terrors that life may give ?
The glare on the hills of the unset sun ?
The shadowless day that our soul would shun ?—
Is it death, mere death, we dread ?

Dead ! dead ! dead !—

Is it life, or death, we crave ?
Do we know, who ne'er
In the cross had share,
The torment of those who have ?
The nail to the quick in the flesh men drive ?
The life yet whole that the tortures rive ?—
Is it death, mere death, we dread ?

WESTWARD HO!

Land of lakes, streams, and rivers, of mountains and plains,

Whose dominion extendeth from sea unto sea ;

'Tis the life-blood of Britons free-courseth thy veins,

Loyal scion of Empire and realm of the free !

Nay, where erst to the victor the spoils of the sword,

Gallic fusion of spirit with Saxon and Gael ;
Nation welded with nation in bonds of accord,
Joineth heart unto heart in the land of the leal.

Speedeth on to thy virginal soil from afar,
O'er the track of the ocean, the immigrant band,

While ariseth the dayspring of hope, as a star,
To receive of the guerdon of wealth at thy hand.

Nor alone may the riches of forest and field,
Or the bountiful treasure of mountain and mine,

E'er suffice, in the burthen of wealth they shall yield,

To the soul, ever human yet ever divine !

From the orient flush at the portals of dawn

To the gates of the west and the cradle of day,
Be the Beaver, the standard of industry,
borne,

And the Leaf of the Maple the emblem for aye !

LE LION DORMANT.

"Let sleeping dogs lie!"

'Ware, 'ware *le lion dormant*! 'ware
The lion and the lion-brood!
Beard not the sleeper in his lair,
Majestic in his solitude.

Hist! hist the sullen-rumbling growl!
The dog that sleepeth—let him lie!
Alert his slumber, as the owl:
'Ware! 'ware the glitter of his eye!

Avaunt! he stirreth! urge no more!
Fan not to flame the spark of rage!—
He riseth! hark! with thundrous roar
Accepteth he the battle-gage.

Back! back to cover! from his rest
Thus rudely roused, he rangeth forth:
Who dare the forest-king molest
Shall face the fury of his wrath.

Behold! he shaketh him for war,
His voice upraiseth on the wind—
Hark! hark! resoundeth from afar
The echo'd answer of his kind.

Beard not the sleeper in his lair,
Majestic in his solitude:
'Ware! 'ware *le lion dormant*! 'ware
The lion—and the lion-brood!

WAR.

(Cf. Nahum iii., 2, 3 ; Job xxxix., 21-25)

Ah, the fury of battle !—the fray ! the fray !
The havoc of bullet and bayonet-play !
The roar of the cannon, the hiss of the shell !
The passion of carnage, the fever of hell !

Hark ! the noise of his prancings !—the horse !
the horse !
In the valley he paweth to hasten his course ;
To the battle he rusheth, he mocketh at fear,
Neither turneth he back from the sword and
the spear.

He devoureth the ground in his fierceness and
rage,
Where, 'mid thunder and shouting, the
captains engage ;
'Mid the sound of the trumpets he crieth, *Ha !*
ha !
And the scent of the battle he smelleth afar.

Fierce and fiercer the conflict—to arms! to
arms!

Lo! the soil with his life-blood the patriot
warms;

Courage quicken'd by courage, the stream is
outpour'd—

Gory tribute of death to the lust of the sword.

Set apart to destruction—the siege! the siege!

In the straits of distress city faithful and liege;

Doubly harass'd, without and within, to the
fall—

Famine, fever, and pestilence, bullet and ball.

Ah, the fury of battle!—the fray! the fray!

The havoc of bullet and bayonet-play!

The roar of the cannon, the hiss of the shell!

The passion of carnage, the fever of hell!

THE FAR-OFF LAND.

He sat afar
From the scene of war,
Nor the thunders heard nor the lightnings
saw ;
At the gates of hell
Did his fancy dwell.
On the tale of the hero, blest with awe,
As he bent his head
To the bail of lead,
While he wrench'd his prey from the reeking
jaw
Of the demon Death
'Mid his belching breath,
And the spoil from the harpy's ruthless claw.

Afar he read
Of the life-blood shed
In a land that never his foot should tread ;
Of the streams of gore
On a distant shore,
And the dauntless deeds that to glory led :
At a glance he learn'd
What another yearn'd
To be spared—of the wounded, dying, dead ;
While the tale was mute
Where the poor dumb brute
In the ghastly carnage, helpless, bled.

He sat—not blind,
Nor with callous mind,
But he view'd from afar what was ill-defined,
As the wraiths of night
To the spirit's sight
Loom less to the beams of day assign'd :
He knelt—to plead
For his brothers' need,
For the soul to solace, the hand to bind :
He slept—to wake
When the sun should break,
In the far-off land, from the cloud behind.

HER SONS' RETURN.

Flutter gaily the bunting abroad in the
breeze !

From the well-foughten field and the fortune
of war,
To her bosom who sent them to traverse the
seas,
Lo ! the sons of the Empire return from
afar.

Gallant actions achieved in a far-away land,
Whence the laurels of victory cover their
brow ;
Gallant trophies of combat attain'd by their
hand
Whom the leaf of the maple shall proudly
avow.

To the ends of the earth as she bade them
adieu,
From her bosom dismiss'd, her behests to
obey,
So she presses her sons to her bosom anew,
With the paean of pride she receives them
to-day.

But there yet—are there not ?—there are yet
to return

To her breast who sent forth, other sons of
her pride :

Of her pride whom she spared, of her love
doth she yearn

To embrace—but they come not, who for
her have died.

Is it well ?—It is well ! of her loss is her gain !

“ Of the Church is the blood of the martyrs
the seed ” :

For the pen shall be dipp'd in the blood of the
slain,

And the red seal of Empire affix'd to the
deed ;

To the bond of enleaguement, the sons with
the sire,

Each of each to be holpen the nations among,
Till the watchword of freedom the world shall
inspire

To dissever the bonds of oppression and
wrong.

Then flutter the bunting abroad in the breeze !

From the well-foughten field and the fortune
of war,

To her bosom who sent them to traverse the
seas,

Lo ! the sons of the Empire return from
afar.

SOLDIERS OF THE EMPIRE.

(MARCHING SONG.)

“ God defend the right ! ”

Left ! right ! left ! right !

Forward ! by the right ! quick march !

We are soldiers of the Empire ! we are servants
of the King !—

March, boys ! forward ! by the right !

When the trumpet calls to action, and the
bugle-voices ring—

March, boys ! forward ! to the fight !

CHORUS :

March, boys ! forward ! till the foe be put to
rout—

March, boys ! forward ! to the fight !

Then halt, boys ! attention ! shoulder arms
and right about—

Quick march, forward, by the right !

Left ! right ! left ! right !

Forward ! by the right ! quick march !

Fling aloft the flag of freedom ! we are Britons,
ev'ry one !—

March, boys ! forward ! by the right !
Where are wrongs in need of righting there is
duty to be done—

March, boys ! forward ! to the fight !

CHORUS—March, boys ! forward ! etc.

Left ! right ! left ! right !

Forward ! by the right ! quick march !

To the rescue of the helpless, to the succour
of the weak—

March, boys ! forward ! by the right !
While the raucous cannon bellow and the
frenzied bullets shriek—

March, boys ! forward ! to the fight !

CHORUS—March, boys ! forward ! etc.

Left ! right ! left ! right !

Forward ! by the right ! quick march !

'Mid the clamour of the conflict, 'mid the fury
of the fray—

March, boys ! forward ! by the right !
Where the glamour of the battle dims the glory
of the day—

March, boys ! forward ! to the fight !

CHORUS—March, boys ! forward ! etc.

Left ! right ! left ! right !

Forward ! by the right ! quick march !

With our ensigns high uplifted, with our standards wide unfurl'd —

March, boys ! forward ! by the right !
To the earth's remotest regions, to the limits
of the world—

March, boys ! forward ! to the fight !

CHORUS—March, boys ! forward ! etc.

Left ! right ! left ! right !

Forward ! by the right ! quick march !

Thro' the discords of the ages, thro' the strifes
that never cease—

March, boys ! forward ! by the right !
Till the din of war be silenced 'mid the harmonies of peace—

March, boys ! forward ! to the fight !

CHORUS—March, boys ! forward ! etc.

Left ! right ! left ! right !

Forward ! by the right ! quick march !

In the service of our Country we would draw
our latest breath—

March, boys ! forward ! by the right !
We are soldiers of the Empire ! give us victory
or death!—

March, boys ! forward ! to the fight !

CHORUS—March, boys ! forward ! etc.

NATÜRLICH.

Come drink with me a mellow draught, the
brewage of the sod,

The nectar Nature's fairy lips distil ;
Come, quaff with me the vintage that her
fairy feet have trod ;

Commune with her, and ponder, and be still.

The mellow cup of Nature, what a potency it
yields !

The rapture of the music of the breeze ;
The vesture of the hedgerows and the verdure
of the fields ;

The texture and the plumage of the trees.

The voiceless adoration of the harmony
around,

The blithe vociferation of the birds ;
The plenitude of silence 'mid infinity of
sound ;—

The eloquent inanity of words !

Come, quaff with me the nectar Nature's fairy
lips distil,

The vintage that her fairy feet have trod ;
Come, drink with me her mellow cup and
ponder and be still ;

Commune alone with Nature and with God.

SOLITUDE.

Out, out upon thee, Solitude !
Within thy wall'd and ceil'd abode :
Avaunt, thy sullen habitude !
Outburst thy fetters and abroad !

Abroad with Nature ! 'suage thy pain,
Uplift to heav'n thy rheumy eye,
Nor give thy maudlin fancy rein
To rule thee 'neath the open sky.

Cast, cast thy mildew'd clouts of Care !
Be comely Hope thine alter'd guise :
Alone, but lonely rather there
Where self surroundeth her with sighs.

Direct thy gaze around, above ;
Behold the sward beneath thy feet ;
The vast infinitude of Love
Thy finite reasoning shall meet,

Who broodest pent, with purblind orb,
Within thy walls in sullen mood,
Where craven thoughts thy soul absorb—
Out, out upon thee, Solitude !

THE TRYST OF SPRING.

Tryst amid the silence keeping,
Hush'd, expectant, day by day :
Comes she ? comes she not ? or, sleeping,
Tarries she beside the way ?

Hark !—a footfall ! . . . stealing ! stealing !
Thrills the heart, the pulses beat :
Thro' the land, her track revealing,
Throbs the music of her feet.

Stealing, stealing, nearer, nearer,
Slowly, surely draws she nigh ;
Swells her whisper, stronger, clearer—
“ I am coming ! it is I ! ”

Leaps my soul to meet her, greet her—
Melts her voice upon the breeze ;
Dies the echo, softer, sweeter,
Of her footfall thro' the trees.

She is gone ! and silence, falling,
Broods anew upon the land,
Where, forlornly calling, calling,
'Mid the solitude I stand.

Hush !—the sullen World beguiling
With the languor of her voice,
Steals she back to meet me, smiling—
It is she ! rejoice ! rejoice !

She ! 'tis she !—ten thousand voices,
Echoing thro' the welkin, ring ;
Heav'n exults and Earth rejoices—
She is come ! 'tis Spring ! 'tis Spring !

A SONG OF THE SEA.

Oh, the wide, wide sweep
Of the solitary deep !
Oh, the heaving of the bosom of the lone, lone
sea !

O'er thy billowy expanse,
Trackless Ocean, we advance ;
Rock'd to slumber in the cradle of thy breast
are we.

Oh, the wild, wild dirge
Of the wind-begotten surge !
Foamy, turbulent conception of thy storm-
stirr'd womb ;

O'er the deep, deep grave
'Neath the surface of the wave,
Where the mariner is gather'd to his last,
long home.

Oh, the dim, dim light
Thro' the curtain of the night,
As our trail upon the waters melteth frothily
behind ;

While the weary, weary deep
Stirreth, restless, in her sleep,
In her dreams responding ever to thy voice,
O Wind !

Oh, the far, far sky !
How it stoopeth from on high,
Dome cerulean envisaged in cerulean beneath ;
Till the circle is complete
Where the sky and ocean meet
On the limitless horizon—Life encoronating
death !

TALLY-HO !

(HUNTING SONG.)

Tally-ho ! tally-ho ! tally-ho !—

Oh, the day, how rare ! and the world, how
fair !

To the hunt, to the hunt we'll go !

We are sportsmen brave and for sport we
crave—

Tally-ho ! tally-ho ! tally-ho !

CHORUS :

Then, *Yoicks ! tally-ho !* to the hunt we'll
go !

With the horse and the hounds abreath;
With a *vieu-halloo !* we are sportsmen true,
And we'll harry the hare to death !

Tally-ho ! tally-ho ! tally-ho !—

Oh, it's fun, such fun ! with the hare to run,
With the horse and the hounds to hunt;
We are gentle-men, we would have ye ken,
Tho' the soul to the sense be blunt.

CHORUS—Then, *Yoicks ! tally-ho !* etc.*Tally-ho ! tally-ho ! tally-ho !—*

Oh, the horn we'll wind and the hare we'll
find !—

Tirra-lee ! tirra-lee ! tirra-loo !

To the cubs we'll call with a yelp and a yawl—
To the hunt, to the hunt we'll go !

CHORUS—Then, *Yoicks ! tally-ho !* etc.

TO AND FRO.

(A SONG OF TRAFFIC.)

Running, rushing,
Crowding, crushing,
Backwards, forwards, up and down ;
Coming, going,
Ebbing, flowing,
Restless tide of London Town.

CHORUS :

" All aboard for ev'rywhar ! "—
In an' out the city ;
Steam to bear you near and far,
Tube an' tram an' taxicar,—
" Keb, sir ? yessir ! 'ere ye are ! . .
'Bus, sir ?—*wot* a pity ! "

Flitting, fleeting,
Passing, meeting,
Hither, thither, to and fro ;
Laughing, talking,
Riding, walking,
Ev'rybody on the go.

CHORUS—" All aboard," etc.

Wending, winding,
Searching, finding,
Blindly groping thro' the fog ;
Creeping, crawling,
Shouting, calling,
All the murky pall agog.

CHORUS—" All aboard," etc.

Buying, selling,
Crying, yelling,
Voices strident, voices sweet ;
Flaunting, flaring,
Cursing, swearing,—
All the traffic of the street.

CHORUS—" All aboard," etc.

Thrilling, throbbing,
Singing, sobbing,
Hither, thither, night and day ;
Coming, going,
Ebbing, flowing,
Surging to and fro for aye.

CHORUS—" All aboard," etc.

NOËL.

(TO THE MUSIC OF CHRISTMAS BELLS.)

Noël ! Noël !
The tidings tell ;
A Babe is born in Bethlehem :
Rejoice ! rejoice !
Lift up your voice !
The story of His birth proclaim.

Awake ! awake !
The tidings take,
The wondrous news proclaim abroad :
To you is born
This Christmas morn
A Saviour which is Christ the Lord.

Thro' virgin-birth
Reveal'd on earth,
The Prince of Peace salvation brings ;
The Lord of Love
From heav'n above
Descends with healing in His wings.

With man to dwell,
Emmanuel,
Descends to earth the Lord of Life ;
For man to die
His throne on high
Resigns to compass mortal strife.

Immortal Lord,
Incarnate Word,
Abhors He not the virgin's womb ;
In manger-bed
Reclines His head,—
Within the inn no room ! no room !

Whom Earth disdains,
With raptured strains
The hosts of herald angels sing ;
While sages haste
From out the East
To hail the advent of a King.

Noël ! Noël !
The tidings tell ;
A Babe is born in Bethlehem :
Rejoice ! rejoice !
Lift up your voice !
The story of His birth proclaim.

NO CROSS, NO CROWN.

Cheery heart ! aye bright tho' broken ;
Vainly would the years despoil :
Less their ravages betoken
Peace than conflict, rest than toil.

Yet, as gold refined emergeth
From the furnace purified,
So, as fire, affliction purgeth,
Faithful spirit, true and tried !

Rest of weariness is gather'd,
Weariness of work is sown ;
Happiness of Grief is father'd—
Shunn'd the cross, resign'd the crown.

Clad in soft and gorgeous raiment,
Richly, delicately bred,
Courts of kings admit the claimant
To the honours of—the dead !

Righteousness thy shining vesture—
Not thine own but "clothed upon" :
Cheery heart ! thy patient gesture
Rest and peace shall reap anon.

IMPRIMIS.

O silver-mounted fountain-pen !
Than from the fountain of the heart
Thy maiden-message to impart,
No richer privilege I ken.

As from my soul a greeting wells
From out these golden lips of thine,
Be this no vulgar valentine
But such as true affection tells !

Thus be thy maiden-message told,
The tribute of a silver tongue,
In sterling silver accents rung
To greet a heart of sterling gold !

VIA DOLOROSA.

Twice the year hath circled round thee,
Twice the tide hath ebb'd and flow'd ;
Once again the day hath found thee
Wrapp'd in loneliness :
Yet the hand that smote hath bound thee,
Freely oil and wine bestow'd ;
He that loved thee but to wound thee,
Scourged thee but to bless ;
For a son received and own'd thee,
Chasten'd with a Father's rod—
Thorns of love the thorns that crown'd thee
Shall thy tongue confess.

WRECK'D !

The dark ! the dark !
A stranded bark ;
Around, the hungry sea :
About, a-nigh,
Fair craft that ply
In kindly ministry.

The dawn ! the dawn !
The bark forlorn
Afloat upon the deep :
Afore, abaft,
The kindly craft
A staunch surveillance keep.

The day ! the day !
The bark that lay
A-stranded on the coast,
Released the shoal,
Pursues her goal—
The craft, the craft are lost !

ELIM.

Pitch'd beside the waters,
In the desert pent,
Oasis of sweetness,—
Lo ! a pilgrim-tent.

Jaded by the journey,
Weary of the way,
Tarrieth the trav'ler
Till the break of day.

From the wells and palm-trees,
Thro' the wilderness,
Up again and onward
See the pilgrim press !

From the founts of waters,
O'er the burning sand,
Thro' the barren desert
To a wealthy land.

Marah unto Elim,
Bitter unto sweet ;
Elim unto Canaan,—
Pilgrimage complete !

FITZ AND STARTZ.

(A PARABLE.)

Two imps, patrolling arm in arm,
High-spirited and sprightly,
Accosted me with elfish charm,
Saluting me politely :

“ Kind sir, we pray
Of you to say
That we may go with you to-day,
And take our parts
And play our games
At home with you,
And we will do
What in us lies to please. Our names
Are Fitz and Startz
Golightly.”

Forsooth, it was a strange request,
A singular petition ;
Yet I would put them to the test,
Upon their own condition :
“ 'Tis passing rare
That ye should dare
Yourselves so boldly to declare ;
But cheer your hearts
And come and live
With me, that I
Your faith may try.
I take you at your word and give
To Fitz and Startz
Permission.”

And thus we came to terms in brief,
With swift determination,
And join'd, for mutual relief,
In fatal fatuation :

 The imps were free
 To dwell with me
A year, if they would both agree
 To place their arts
 At my command,
 That I might use
 As I should choose,
Do all whereto I turn'd my hand
 By Fitz and Startz'
 Spiration.

Thenceforth to read, to write, to work
 Upon this understanding
I set myself ; the imps to lurk
 On ev'ry floor and landing :
 Until, before
 The year was o'er,
My impish pact I did deplore ;
 For venom'd darts
 Of demon-zeal
 Proclaim'd my friends
 Incarnate fiends,
And all my wits I came to feel
 Thro' Fitz and Startz
 Disbanding.

JEMIMA.

(A CHARACTER-SKETCH.)

Who dreaded to be left alone ?

Jemima.

Who shunn'd no presence as her own ?

Jemima.

Who thought the world was made of lead,
And she, of Atlas, on her head
Was doom'd to carry it instead ?

Jemima.

Who met her troubles half the way ?

Jemima.

Who cross'd the bridge before her day ?

Jemima.

Who struck the ground before she fell,
An inch of trouble made an ell,
And bought what no one had to sell ?

Jemima.

Who made a mountain of a mound ?

Jemima.

Who built her castles underground ?

Jemima.

Who slept at night by some mistake,
By day could hardly keep awake,
Her head a prey to stomach-ache ?

Jemima.

Who deem'd herself of little good ?

Jemima.

Who said she never understood ?

Jemima.

Who, knowing little, little knew

How much she did or had to do,

And, doing, did her duty—who ?

Jemima

ENTAIL'D.

With her burthen on her back—
Heigh-ho !

Sorrow sank upon the track—
Heigh-ho !

As her tears of anguish flow'd,
Joy came pricking down the road,
Fain to ease her of her load—
Heigh-ho !

Blithely reining in his ass—
Heigh-ho !
“ Prithee, friend, what's come to pass ?
Heigh-ho !

Mount with me and thou shalt find
Travel easy, Fortune kind :
Bind thy bundle on behind—
Heigh-ho ! ”

Slowly Sorrow raised her head—
Heigh-ho !

Sullenly she spake and said—
“ Heigh-ho !

Sir, my fardel, I am sure,
Passeth mortal to endure ;
Fain would I relief secure—
Heigh-ho ! ”

"Hasten, therefore," Joy replied—
Heigh-ho!

"Ere some further ill betide—
Heigh-ho!

Thou art laden sore indeed;
Set thy burthen on my steed,
So shalt thou at length be freed—
Heigh-ho!"

"Sir, I cannot," Sorrow wail'd—
Heigh-ho!

"For my burthen is entail'd—
Heigh-ho!

It can never be transferr'd—"
That's the latest I have heard;
Spake she not another word—
Heigh-ho!

HIC JACET.

(AN ALLEGORY.)

John Tomkins was an artful bloke,
Of wondrous perspicacity ;
His mate a meek and modest moke,
Of asinine sagacity.

One day to John occur'd a thought
Of monstrous ingenuity,
Whereby his modest moke he sought
To feed in perpetuity.

"Come here," 'uo' he, "my meachin' moke !
Bestow thy tail-piece hitherward ;
A thought hath in my heart awoke—
Thy head-piece thrust in thitherward."

Betwixt the shafts, with ambling gait,
Poor Pashuns steps complacently,
Her tongue where hung her tail of late
Fu' meekly and obeisantly.

Upon the cart a bale of hay,
With ravenous rapidity,
From dawn to dusk, from day to day,
Pursues she with avidity.

At length, reduced to skin and bone,
(*O, magna sit clementia !*)
Fu' meekly, 'neath a modest stone,
Hic jacet Patientia.

CANDLEMAS.

Hip hurrah !
 Hip, hip hurray ! [three !—
 With a three, and a three times three times
 * * * *
 What a noise to make !
 Bring along the cake !
 Set the candles all around—
 All the candles to be found !
 Count them, eh ?
 Better not !
 Lack-a-day !
 What a lot !
 Keep the candles burning bright ;
 Was there ever such a sight ?
 Ever birthday cake so light ?
 Have a slice !—
 My, how nice !
 That's the kind of birthday cake for me !
 Hip hurrah !
 Here we are !
 With a three, and a three times three times three !
 See the candles burn !
 Count them, each in turn !
 Lack-a-day !
 What a lot !
 Count them, eh ?
 Better not !
 Let the candles countless be !
 Hip hurray !
 Live for aye !
 With a three, and a three times three times three !

LAUGHTER.

(A STUDY.)

He laughs!—an honest, hearty shout
Of reckless joviality,
That bursts the flood-gates, pouring out
In unrestrain'd hilarity.
He laughs!—*Oh, ho ! oh, ho ! ho ! ho !*
He laughs!—*Oh, ho !*—he laugheth !

She laughs!—a joyous, ringing note
Of utterest sincerity ;
A sweet, unconscious antidote
To temper life's severity.
She laughs!—*Ah, ha ! ah, ha ! ha ! ha !*
She laughs!—*Ah, ha !*—she laugheth !

She laughs!—an optimistic ring
Of eloquent vivacity,
That makes the best of ev'rything
With smiling pertinacity.
She laughs!—*tra, la ! tra, la ! la ! la !*
She laughs!—*tra, la !*—she laugheth !

She laughs!—a mirth-provoking trill
Of gaiety and merriment ;
A wanton maiden with a will
For ludicrous experiment.

She laughs!—*e, he ! e, he ! he ! he !*
She laughs!—*e, he !*—she laugheth !

He laughs!—a harsh and bitter jeer,
Insensate to calamity ;
A soul unhallow'd by a tear,
Incapable of amity.

He laughs!—*i, hi ! i, hi ! hi ! hi !*
He laughs!—*i, hi !*—he laugheth !

He laughs!—a dubitative sound
Of hesitant complicity,
Lest illegitimate be found
His tribute to publicity.

He laughs!—*a-hem ! a-hem ! hem ! hem !*
He laughs!—*a-hem !*—he laugheth !

She laughs!—a sempiternal smirk
Of fond conventionality ;
An over-studied *rôle*, where lurk
The features of formality.

She laughs!—*er, her ! er, her ! her ! her !*
She laughs!—*er, her !*—she laugheth !

He laughs!—an intermittent burst
Of smother'd risibility ;
A chronic titillation, nursed
By conscious imbecility.

He laughs!—*eh, hey ! eh, hey ! hey ! hey !*
He laughs!—*eh, hey !*—he laugheth !

She laughs !—a simper, ill-controll'd,
A giggle of inanity ;
A witless affectation, school'd
By unaffected vanity.

Sne laughs !—*ge, he ! ge, he ! he ! he !*
She laughs !—*ge, he !*—she laugheth !

He laughs !—an idiotic voice
Of passionless fatuity,
That seemeth, joyless, to rejoice,
With mournful incongruity.

He laughs !—*oo, hoo ! oo, hoo ! hoo ! hoo !*
He laughs !—*oo, hoo !*—he laugheth !

He laughs !—a deep, sonorous roar
Of unctuous jocosity ;
A foaming billow on the shore
Of corpulent pomposity.

He laughs !—*aw, haw ! aw, haw ! haw ! haw !*
He laughs !—*aw, haw !*—he laugheth !

MAVOURNEEN.

Och, shure thin, alanna, acushla machree !
'Tis mesilf an' nane ither that's thinkin' av
thee :
The winds as they bellow, the waves as they
roar,
Av the voice av me darlint remoind me,
asthore !
As oi sit by the windy an' glouk at the moon,
Av the shwate shmoile oi'm dhramin' av
Eileen aroon.

MAL AU CŒUR.

I've got a sort o' feelin' but I don't know
where ;
I guess I'm kind o' feelin' pretty sore :
A sort o' kind o' feelin' that I don't much care
If I never see the mornin' any more.
A fainty sort o' feelin' that me heart's not
strong ;
A rheumy kind o' feelin' i' me eye :
A sort o' kind o' feelin' that I shan't live long ;
A feelin' that I'm soon agoin' ter die.
A squeamy sort o' feelin' that you'd best come
quick ;
I guess I'm kind o' feelin' pretty queer :
A sort o' kind o' feelin' that I'm jest home-
sick ;
A feelin' . . . I'm agoin' ter . . . shed
a tear !

THERE WAS A LITTLE MAN.

"Look at your boy. He is yours, ain't he ?
He's as thin as a lath. Do you call yourself
a mother and not know that a mother's
first duty is to blow her boy out ?"—CHAS.
DICKENS (*"Tale of Two Cities"*).

There was a little man—

Heigh-ho !

Such a little, little man—

Heigh-ho !

Who a little, little pair

Took of bellows full of air,

And his little, little son—

Heigh-ho !

"Your are very, very thin—

Heigh-ho !

Hardly anything but skin—

Heigh-ho ! "

Said this little, little man :

"I've a little little plan ;

Are you ready to begin ?—

Heigh-ho ! "

But he wasn't very kind—

Heigh-ho !

In his little, little mind—

Heigh-ho !

For he took him by the chin

And he thrust the bellows in,

And he blew him full of wind—

Heigh-ho !

Soon began his little son—
 Heigh-ho !
Stout to look as anyone—
 Heigh-ho !
With a little, little smile—
“ Wait,” said he, “ a little while ;
Only wait till I have done—
 Heigh-ho ! ”

He continued to expand—
 Heigh-ho !
Till, up on the other hand—
 Heigh-ho !
What occur'd when, at the last,
His capacity was past,
He could never understand—
 Heigh-ho !

For before he was aware—
 Heigh-ho !
Of the end of the affair—
 Heigh-ho !
There was nothing to be found,
Save in fragments on the ground,
Of his little son and heir—
 Heigh-ho !

PART II.

Time that is Future and Time that is Past,
Time that is Present—how long will it last ?
Soon 'twill be gone and its story be told :
Learn to grow Up as you learn to grow old !

A GREETING.

Child, a greeting
 On our meeting
 At the cross-roads in the journeying of life
 Thou hast all the world before thee,
 Thou art but a stranger yet
 Of the years pass'd briefly o'er thee
 Thou hast little to regret :
 May thy days be ever bright
 With serenity of light,
 Till a length, in sweet re-
 We, repeating
 This our greeting
 There in undisturb'd communion
 Meet where, final consummation, purest happi-
 ness is rife !

A CHILD.

Child !—What is a child ? Lips, limbs, and
 lungs ;
 Love, liberty, and laughter ;
 A smile, a run,
 A shout of fun—
 Hereunto ;—and hereafter ?
 A pout, a fall,
 A lusty squall,
 Scream, scolding, and screeching :
 Child !—what is a child ? Lips, limbs, and
 lungs—
 A trinity far-reaching !

THE HEAVENLY POTTER.

"The thing of an Immortality and the creature of a God."—EUGÈNE ARAM.

From the womb to the cradle, conception to
birth,
Where the fount of Eternity riseth on earth :
Immortal creation ! ineffable fate !
What of bliss or of woe doth thy future await ?

From the hands of the Potter emergeth the
clay,
Fairly form'd for His service, reserved to the
day
When the beams of the sun shall have season'd
for use
In the work in His wisdom the Maker shall
choose.

Fairly form'd, fairly fashion'd—'tis much,
very much,
Tho' untemper'd as yet by the sun to the
touch ;
Yet unfit to be ranged with the vessels of grace
Till matured by the ripening warmth of his
rays.

Ah ! beware lest, exposed to the stress of the
storm,
Of its comeliness reft and distorted its form,
Immature be disfigured, unseason'd defaced
Of its Image, the clay by the Potter impress'd.

'Tis the work of the Potter to mould to His
will
Ev'ry vessel whose measure His Spirit shall
fill ;
'Tis alone by His grace and the beams of His
light
That the clay must be temper'd to stand in
His sight.

TO AN UGLY CHILD.

Poor child ! thy lot, unfortunate, is hard,
Full hard for resignation ; yet, be still !
True comeliness, a spirit yet unmarr'd,
The measure of thy happiness shall fill.

Consisteth not in beauty, nor in grace
Of outward feature, majesty of life ;
Deformity of figure nor of face
Degradeth where the love of God is rife.

Live, only live, thy days as unto Him
Who fashion'd thee for service, knowing
well
The lamp, howe'er pretentious, burneth dim
Untrimm'd ; the meanest, tended, doth
excel.

Not shapely symmetry, attractive mien,
Or comely face shall win the approving
smile
Of Him who looketh on the heart within,
And findeth rich whom man esteemeth vile.

Then up ! be doing ! not alone resign'd
But satisfied ; go ! spend thyself in love,
And, occupied for others, thou shalt find
True comeliness consummated above.



"ROBBIE."

TO ROBBIE.

Robbie, lad, ye're fearsome !
Robbie, lad, ye're fine !
Eh, Robbie, lad,
Sae brawly clad
Ye're no a lad o' mine !

Robbie, lad, be carefu' !
Robbie, lad, beware !
Eh, Robbie, lad,
'Twere unco' sad
Tae ken ma lad nae mair.

Robbie, lad, Guid bless ye !
Robbie, lad, *Aumen!*
Eh, Robbie, lad,
A'm gey an' glad
Tae see ma lad agen !

TO TREVOR.

I've nothing to say to Robbie,
 For Robbie says naught to me :
 You're nearly as bad,
 You villainous lad !—
 You couldn't be *worse* than he.
 I've nothing to say to Robbie—
 No, nothing to say whate'er :
 I couldn't say less ;
 I would, I confess,
 If I could, but I can't—" so there !"
 I've nothing to say to Robbie,
 And little enough to you :
 I hate to forget
 That ever we met ;
 But what is a chap to do ?
 I've nothing to say to Robbie ;
 No, nothing at all—not I !
 I'm writing to say,
 In a roundabout way,
 Just, *How do you do ? Goodbye !*
 * * * * *
 " Just, *How do you do ?*"—oh, Trevor !
 The words, they were lightly said ;
 As a bow one drew
 At a venture, flew
 An arrow from Overhead :
 The arrow of Death !—nay, rather,
 The shaft of the Lord's release,
 Who Himself drew nigh
 At the word "*Goodbye !*"
 And an answer return'd of peace.

"WI' KIND REGARDS."

"Wi' kind regards" — eh, Robbie, lad!
wha tocht ye siclike haverin'?

"Wi' kind regards" — na, Robbie, lad!
awa' wi' sic palaverin'!—

"Wi' kind regards"!

"Wi' kind regards" — eh, Robbie, lad!
i' faith, A mak nae doot o' it;

"Wi' kind regards" — na, Robbie, lad!
nae mair o' that! git oot o' it!—

"Wi' kind regards"!

"Wi' kind regards" — eh, Robbie, lad!
whit way's yer hairt meanderin'?

"Wi' kind regards" — na, Robbie, lad!
a truce tae sic philanderin'!—

"Wi' kind regards"!

"Wi' kind regards" — eh, Robbie, lad!
wi' sic A'm no regardin' ye;

"Wi' kind regards" — na, Robbie, lad!
A'll no be sae rewardin' ye!—

"Wi' kind regards"!

"Wi' kind regards" — eh, Robbie, lad!
A winna sae be leavin' ye;

"Wi' kind regards" — na, Robbie, lad!
A canna sae be grievin' ye!—

"Wi' kind regards"!

"Wi' kind regards" — eh, Robbie, lad!
A've mickle mair tae say tae ye;

"Wi' kind regards" — na, Robbie, lad!
Ma muckle luv the day tae ye!—

"Wi' kind regards"!

A GREETIN', LAD!

The day be dull an' dreary, lad,
Ma saul be worn an' weary, lad ;
Thou shalna hae a letter, lad,
Till thou behave thee better, lad ;
Forbye 't be time for writin', lad,
The mood be nae invitin', lad ;
Yet A mun try, A'm fearin', lad,
Sin' Christmas day be nearin', lad ;
Sae tak a screed o' greetin', lad,
For aye the days be fleetin', lad,
An' aye the warl' be grawin', lad,
Ayont the raich o' knawin', lad :
Be ilka blessin' wi' thee, lad,
That Christmas day can gie thee, lad !
Be a' the days afore thee, lad,
Discharged in blessin's o'er thee, lad !
May a' that's gude betide thee, lad,
In a' the way beside thee, lad !
May naught o' ill befa' thee, lad,
Whaure'er tha duty ca' thee, lad !—
Nae mair the noo, A'm thinkin', lad !
Faurweel !—the year be sinkin', lad ;
Abune the hills o' mornin', lad,
Anither year be dawnin', lad ;
For aye the days be fleetin', lad,
Sae tak a screed o' greetin', lad !

"INGENUI VULTUS PUER."

Regard me not with an eye of hope ;
I am but an empty envelope !
There's naught conceal'd by these lips of mine—
Not even an idle valentine.

Reject me not with an air of scorn ;
I carry a wish for the days unborn :
The smile of truth on an open face
Proclaim thee the child of the God of grace !

Reville me not ; I am poor and mean ;
I am not the thing that I might have been :
But whoso willeth His will to do,
The doctrine of God shall surely know.

Refuse me not ; tho' I empty be,
I carry a word of goodwill to thee ;
A word of love and a word of hope,
Inscribed on the back of an envelope.

FELIX.

Felix, "happy"—happy *Felix* !
Felix is a happy name ;
Happiness grows doubly happy
Making other folks the same.

Felix, "blessed"—blessed *Felix* !
Blessed is it to be blest ;
Blessed to receive a blessing ;
Giving blessing—that is best.

Felix, "happy" ; *Felix*, "blessed" ;
Felix, "fortunate"—for thee
Blessing, happiness, good fortune
Furnish true felicity !

MARY.

Mary—the mother of Jesus ;
Mary—who sat at His feet ;
Mary—the first at His rising
Rabboni, her Master, to greet.

Mary—no name more familiar ;
Mary—none fairer to fame ;
Mary, my Mary, remember
From whom thou art heir to thy name !

Ponder the sayings of Jesus,
Keep all His words in thy heart ;
Sit at His feet and be silent ;
"Go tell," when He bids thee depart.

"PRAIRIE CHICKENS."*

What takes root in the heart bears fruit in the head.

Rootage of the heart,
Fruitage of the head ;
Nevermore to part,
Mind and spirit wed :
Soul with sense allied,
Rhapsody of bliss !
Bridegroom unto bride—
Friend, accept of this !

Just to say something tho' not to say much ;
Just to recall to the mind
Visions of bliss that dissolve at a touch,
Music that melts on the wind.

A canna speak the thing A wud—
Some thochts there's nae revealin' ;
A canna speak them—gin A cud
'Twud simplify ma feelin'.

Hey, nonny, nonny ! on the far prairie
There's nae lass sae bonnie as ma ain lassie :
Hey, nonny, nonny ! but ma hairt greets sair ;
Ma ain lass sae bonnie A shall meet nae mair !

* "*Prairie Chickens*" by *Chanticleer* (A. H. Stockwell, 29, Ludgate Hill, E.C.; 9d. net).

TO DADDY.

Eh, Daddy ! this from me to thee,
To prove myself myself to be,
Since some there are who thee for me
 To take, forsooth, are ready ;
Who thus to such would fain reply,
How sweet soe'er the tender tie—
Not thou art *Chanticleer* but I,
 Not I but thou art *Daddy* !

A PORTRAIT.

A photograph
 To make you laugh,
A portrait of the sender ;
 Reject it not
 ('Tis all I've got),
And pardon the offender !

 The day we met—
 It lingers yet—
When dared I first salute you ;
 Who might in wrath
 Have spurn'd me forth—
“ Get out o' this, you brute, you ! ”

A souvenir
 Of *Chanticleer*
With diffidence I send you ;
 When this you see,
 Remember me—
And blissful thoughts attend you !

VÖRWARTS !

One dreary, doleful, dismal day—
 Dulcibel, Jemima !
 Raven locks and stony stare,
 Flaxen tresses, features fair ;
Met we but to part for aye—
 Dulcibel, Jemima !

Prim and proper, stiff and staid—
 Dulcibel, Jemima !
 Days and distance intervene,
 Steal new actors on the scene ;
Who are these in rags array'd ?—
 Dulcibel, Jemima !

Generations come and go—
 Dulcibel, Jemima !
 Waxen charms are waxen old,
 Gilded rags have lost their gold ;
Linger yet the names I know—
 Dulcibel, Jemima !

Swiftly down the stream of years—
 Dulcibel, Jemima !
 Floating gaily on the tide,
 Tinsel craft serenely glide,
Till the last one disappears—
 Dulcibel, Jemima !

CON AMORE.

Fain would I greet thee, my lassie, to-day ;
Dearly I love thee, I trow ;
Dearly I love thee—what more can I say ?
Fain would I greet thee—but how ?

Blessings be with thee from morning to night !
Blessings be thine evermore !
Blessings be thine on the left and the right !
Blessings be with thee galore !

Such be my greeting, my lassie, from far !
Blessings be with thee for aye !
Blessings be with thee, the richest there are !—
Such be my greeting to-day !

TWA YEARS.

Twa years, ma lassies,
Twa years are gane ;
Lang years, ma lassies,
Lang years an' lane.

Twa years, ma lassies,
Slipp'd, slipp'd awa' ;
Braw years, ma lassies,
Gane past reca'.

Twa years, ma lassies—
Bide, bide a wee !
True luv, ma lassies,
No, no can dee.

Twa years ma lassies ;
Ance mair the noo
Ane hairt, ma lassies,
Greets sair for you.

Twa years, ma lassies—
Wae warth the day !
Faurweel, ma lassies !
Faurweel for aye !

KISMET.

Rippling o'er the sands of Time,
Babbling on the beach,
Restlessly the wavelets climb,
Forward, forward reach.

As King Cnut upon the shore,
In the days of eld,
Bade the waves advance no more,
By his pow'r withheld:

So, to stem the tide of years
O'er his fair domain,
Time—King Time—the sceptre bears
Helpless and in vain.

Onward still the wavelets creep,
Reckless of his sway,
One by one athwart the deep
Stealing on their way.

Sweet—how sweet!—the lispings tide,
Lapping of the sea:
Soon shall Time his realm confide
To Eternity.

CHICK, MY CHICK !

Chick, my chick, with a broken wing—

Chick, my chick ! chick, my chick !

Chick, my chick, it were hard to sing

Pent with a broken pinion.

Chick, my chick, with a silent tongue—

Chick, my chick ! chick, my chick !

Chick, my chick, all the world among

Stretcheth the heart's dominion.

Chick, my chick, an the voice be still —

Chick, my chick ! chick, my chick !

Chick, my chick, for the word the will—

Love is of Love the token.

Chick, my chick, with a broken wing—

Chick, my chick ! chick, my chick !

Chick, my chick, to thy feet I bring

That which the heart hath spoken.

TILL THE DAY DAWN.

Day that rose from out the twilight on the
pilgrimage of years,

Day that dawn'd above the darkness of the
night ;

Day whose bow bespann'd the raindrops and
illumed the vale of tears,

Day whose passing left a trail of golden
light.

Day that broke on life's horizon as the bright
and morning star,

Day the fairness of whose promise yet
remains ;

Day the sweetness of whose perfume yet regales
me from afar,

Day whose fragrant recollection never
waned.

Day whose thrice-repeated dawning hastes my
soul betimes to greet,

Day that speeds my spirit forward on the
way ;

Day that points me Onward, Upward, where
dissever'd hearts shall meet,

Day whose light bespeaks yon Everlasting
Day !

EMBER-GLOW.

And must it be ?—it shall be so, my chickies !
Not once nor twice shall love's brief tale be
told ;
Full oft the heart with love shall glow, my
chickies,
Nor e'er the embers on the hearth grow cold.

Adown the vista of the years, my chickies,
Where erst the deathless fires of love were
lit,
Where haunts the heart, bedew'd with tears,
my chickies,
The shadows round the quenchless embers
flit.

Anon athwart the flick'ring light, my chickies,
Twin shades from out yon darkling world
appear ;
Twin phantom-forms from out the night, my
chickies,
Where glow the embers of a by-gone year.

* * * *

Yea, must it be ?—then be it so, my chickies !
E'en they as ye—e'en ye in turn as they:
Full oft the tears of love shall flow, my
chickies
The embers on the hearth shall glow for aye !

AIBLINS.

Aiblins hairts are grawin' cauld—
 Aiblins, lassies, aiblins!
 Aiblins bairns are grawin' auld—
 Aiblins, lassies, aiblins!

Aiblins thochts are itherwhere—
 Aiblins, lassies, aiblins!

* * * * *

Aiblins still ma lassies care—
 Aiblins, lassies, aiblins!

Aiblins hairts will no forget—
 Aiblins, lassies, aiblins!
 Aiblins bairns are luv'in' yet—
 Aiblins, lassies, aiblins!

TO GREET YOU.

Just a little card to carry *Thank-you!*
 Just a little word to wish you well;
 Just a little loving line to greet you,
 Just a little New Year's wish to tell.

Just a little dream of days departed,
 Just a little thought of things that were;
 Just a little song from out the silence,
 Just a little arrow in the air.

Just a little message o'er the ocean,
 Just a little breath across the sea;—
 Just a little New Year's benediction
 Borne upon the wings of Memory!

CHILD OF MINE !

Round the corner, up the hill,
Breathless I pursue thee ;
Faint, yet aye pursuing still,
Child of mine, I woo thee !

Maiden of a winsome grace,
Once again I greet thee ;
Tarry but a little space,
Lassie, I entreat thee !

Lo ! another corner turn'd !
Stretching on before thee,
Mystic corners undiscern'd—
Heed me, I adjure thee !

Maiden of a bygone year,
Prithee look behind thee ;
Tarry till my Heart appear,
Till my Spirit find thee !

Scaling up from peak to peak,
Toiling on to reach thee ;
Halt thee, lassie, while I speak ;
Hear me, I beseech thee !

Maiden of the witching smile,
Happiness betide thee !
Tarry but a little while,
Till I stand beside thee !

EASTER !

Easter ! and the larks are ringing ;
Easter ! and the sky is blue ;
Easter ! and my thoughts are winging
Westward, to be greeting you.

Easter ! and the years are passing ;
Easter ! how they come and go !
Easter ! what a wealth amassing !
Memories of weal and woe.

Easter ! and my heart is pond'ring ;
Easter ! how the past is sweet !
Easter ! and my thoughts are wand'ring
Far afield on feather'd feet.

Easter ! and the sun is shining ;
Easter ! and the world is fair ;
Easter ! far be all repining !
Easter joy is in the air !

THEO-DORA.

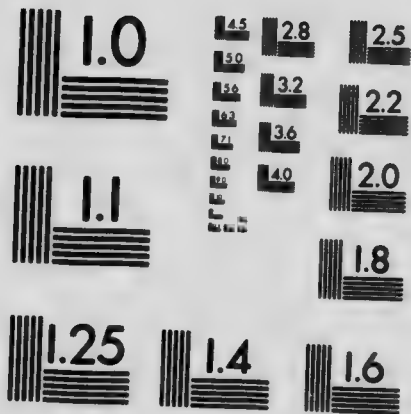
A thought, a thought, my Dora !
A thought all thoughts above ;
A birthday thought, my Dora !
A Whitsun thought of love .

A wish, a wish, my Dora !
A wish no wish beyond ;
A birthday wish, my Dora !
No fondest wish so fond.

A pray'r, a pray'r, my Dora !
A Whitsun pray'r of mine ;
A birthday pray'r, my Dora !—
Be Whitsun blessings thine !

A Gift, a Gift, my Dora !
A Gift all gifts beside ;
A birthday Gift, my Dora !—
The Gift of Whitsuntide !





MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART
NATIONAL BUREAU OF STANDARDS
STANDARD REFERENCE MATERIAL 1010a
(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)

FAR AN' AWA'!

Twa little Pale-faces oot in the West—
Far an' awa', far an' awa'!
Oot o' the trail o' the Redskin aquest—
Far an' awa', far an' awa'!
Oot on the prairie the tepees amang,
Oot wi' the squaws an' papooses alang;
Twa little Pale-faces, whaur wad ye gang?—
Far, far an' awa'!

"WI' LUV."

"Wi' luv" ?—eh, no! ma lassie;
'Twere tame tae say it!
"Wi' luv" ?—heigh-ho! ma lassie;
Nae words convey it!
"Wi' luv" ?—yet, oh! ma lassie,
Ye ken ye hae it!

BREAD-SAUCE.

(AN ÉPISODE.)

A mighty man, a little lad,
And something in his hand he had :
" Come here, my little chap," he said ;
" I'll eat you on my piece of bread ! "

LADDIES GROW LADS.

Laddies grow lads as the days go by ;
Laddies grow lads—can you tell me when ?
Laddies grow lads, and the years draw nigh
Laddies grown lads shall in turn grow men !

CHANTICLEER.

I slept, and the world revolved in space—
 " Mother ! why did you go so far ? "
The light of the sun return'd apace—
 " Mother ! why did you go so far ? "

I dream'd, and the sound of a child's refrain—
 " Mother ! why did you go so far ? "
Accosted me ever again and again—
 " Mother ! why did you go so far ? "

I woke, and the echo was on mine ear—
 " Mother ! why did you go so far ? "
'Twas nobbut the crowing of chanticleer—
 Mother !-why-did-you-go-so-far ?

TO FRANCES.

I.

Ah, those languishing glances!—
Eyes so bright;
Ah, those timid advances!—
Feet so light;
How the vision entrances
His poor sight!
How his ardour enhances!—
Ah, poor wight!
All the day he romances,
Dreams all night!
“What’s the matter with Frances?”—
“*She’s all right!*”

II.

“Gracious!” Francie,
Only fancy!—
I to get a valentine!
Old and wrinkled,
Gray hairs sprinkled
O’er this numskull pate of mine:
Well, I never!
Did you ever?
Such a hoary-headed swain!
“Goodness gracious!”
How vexatious!—
Shall I send it back again?

III.

What shall I say to Frances ?
How shall my tale be told ?
Her who of late
Was a child of eight,
A maid in her 'teens behold !

What shall I say to Frances ?
How shall I trim my tale
Her whom I knew
When her years were few
A maid in her 'teens to hail ?

What shall I say to Frances ?
How shall I shape my thought ?
She whom, a child,
Have the years beguiled,
A maid in her 'teens is wrought.

What shall I say to Frances ?
How shall I wish thee well ?
How what I dare
To a child declare,
A maid in her 'teens to tell ?

GROWING UP.

Getting bigger, growing up—
What is it they call her?
Little Mistress Never-Stop
Ever-Growing-Taller.

Getting older, growing wise—
Foolish folk are nicer!
Little Madam Open-Eyes
Ever-Growing-Wiser.

Getting further, going on—
How are we to stop her?
Little Lady Simpleton
Ever-Growing-Proper.

Getting stronger, growing bold—
How are we to hold her?
Little Lassie Getting-Old
Ever-Growing-Older.

"LET'S PRETEND!"

Lass, my lass, I thank thee for thy letter of
the morn ;

Lass, my lass, God bless thee, "little
friend" !

Lass, my lass, bethink thee, 'twas but yestern
thou wast born ;

Lass, my lass, beshrew thee !—" *let's pre-
tend !* "

Lass, my lass, forgive me an I canna let thee
go ;

Lass, my lass, forget me an thou wilt !

Lass, my lass, believe me !—" *let's pretend* "
it isn't so !

Lass, my lass, beshrive me of the guilt !

Lass, my lass, I found thee in the days when
thou wast small ;

Lass, my lass, I loved thee, "little friend" !

Lass, my lass, I mind me ; 'twas but yestern
after all !

Lass, my lass,—beshrew me ! " *let's pre-
tend !* "

AUX YEUX BLEUS.

I remember
 One September—
 Not this year : the year before ;
 Ere I knew you
 Something drew you
 To my heart upon the shore :
 Ye departed,
 Hungry-hearted
 Left me, stranded on the cliff ;
 Now I know you
 May I show you
 What I should have shown you *if* —?

WHOOOP-LA !

Whoop-la ! laddie, wi' the blue, blue een ;
Whoop-la ! laddie, hae a care :
Whoop-la ! laddie, how the grass grows green!—
Whoop-la ! laddie, are ye there ?

Whoop-la ! laddie, can the hairt grow cauld ?
Whoop-la ! laddie, is it true ?
Whoop-la ! laddie, how the warld grows auld!—
Whoop-la ! laddie, is it you ?

Whoop-la ! laddie, dinna gang sae fast !
Whoop-la ! laddie, are ye blind ?
Whoop-la ! laddie, how the days slip past!—
Whoop-la ! laddie, never mind !

TAK TENT!

Hech, mon! dost tak me for a fule?
 Wha fain wad hae tha gratitude;
 No a' for gude the lore o' schule,—
 No aiblins a' beatitude!

Yon lad A kenn'd twa vera gane
 An' lo'ed i' his simpli'
 His place amang the wa'rdens
 I' schule ha' foond fending,

Guid bless the laddie! send him speed!
 Tak tent o' his humanity!
 Fu' mickle lore be lore i'deed,
 Fu' muckle lore be vanity.

"A' RICHT."

"You just do what Daddy tells you and
 you'll be all right."

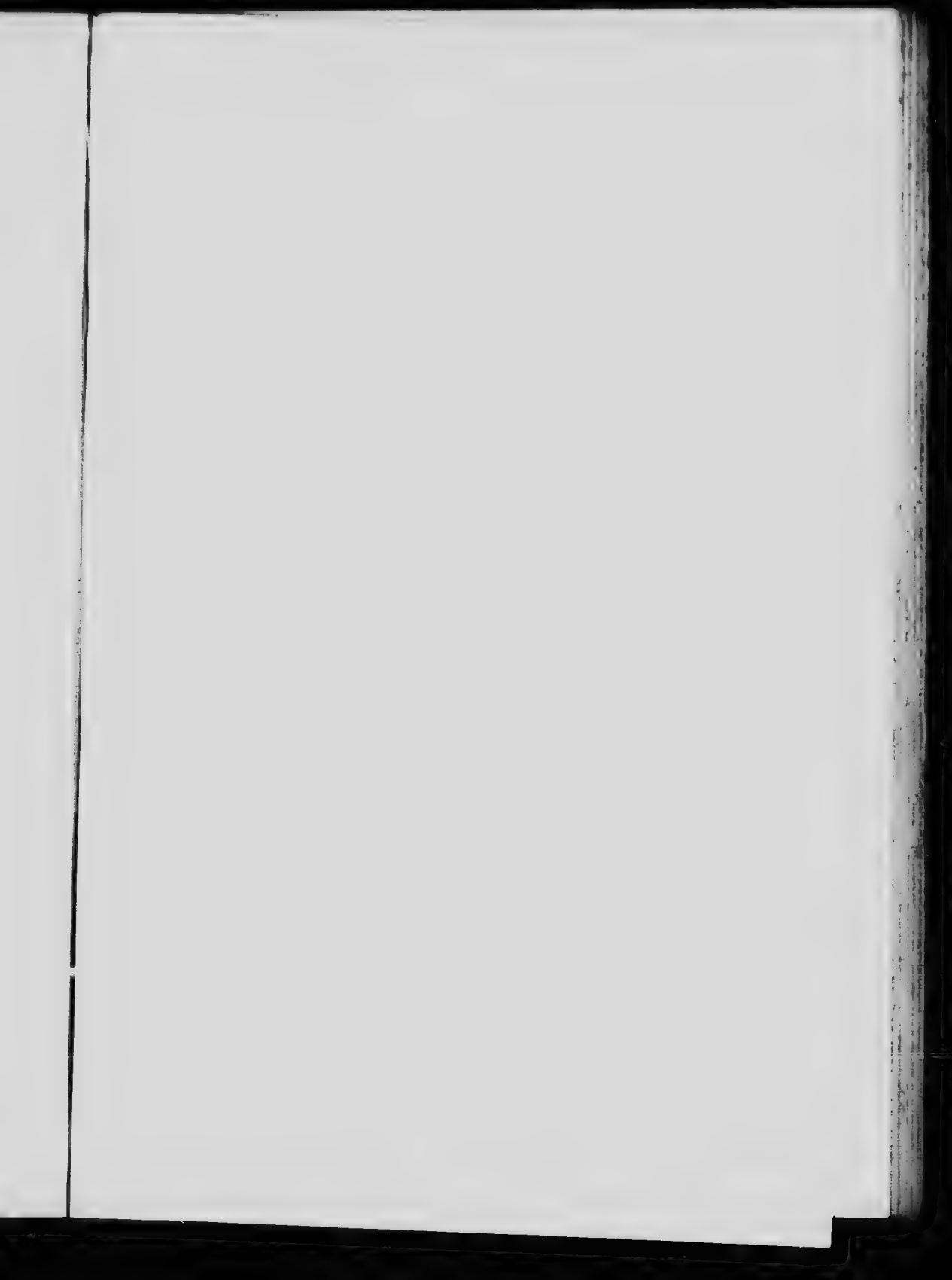
Laddie, A canna
 Say what A wud;
 Laddie, A winna
 Say what A cud;
 Laddie, A mauna
 Say what A micht;
 Laddie, A daurna!—
 Send ye "a' richt"!

GODSPEED !

With ev'ry birthday ends a stage
Upon the Homeward way ;
May grace attend thy rip'ning age
And speed thee day by day !

The nestling stirs beneath the breast
And steals from out the wing ;
The fledgling flutters from the nest
And soon shall learn to sing.

'Tis thine to shape his course aright,
His notes to thee belong ;
God speed the fledgling in his flight !
Himself attune his song !





THEGITHER.

THEGITHER.

Na the ane wi'oot the ither !
Guid A'michty bless the twa !
Won they i' ma hairt thegither—
Naught o' ill befa' !

FAR BEN.

There's a deep, deep hale i' ma hairt, ma lass,
As A sit by the blue, blue sea ;
There's a sweet, sweet thocht i' ma saul, ma
lass,
An' that thocht 's juist a thocht o' thee !

"A BIG 'UG!"

"A big 'ug," laddie wi' the wee, warm hairt ;
"A big 'ug," laddie, frae afar :
"A big 'ug," laddie, till the tear-drops start ;
"A big 'ug," laddie, an' awa' !

"BABY."

"Baby" o' the eerie guise,
"Baby" o' the elfin face;
"Baby" o' the molten eyes
An' the quaint grimace.

"Baby" o' the tender years,
"Baby" o' the tireless feet;
"Baby" o' the limpid tears
An' the laughter sweet.

"Baby" o' the peerless smile,
"Baby" o' the plaintive voice;
"Baby" whom the tears beguile,
Timely words rejoice.

"Baby" o' the restless tongue,
"Baby" o' the artless speech;
"Baby" darkling words among
Moving out o' reach.

"Baby" o' the plastic mind,
"Baby" o' the piquant mouth;
"Baby" i' my heart enshrined
I' the sunny South!

"BABY TOO!"

Birfday, Baby ? oh, " dat's lubly ! "—
Two an' wun are fwee ;
Here's a kiss, all fwesh an' bubbly
Fwom the sea.

Aye the days are gwowing colder,
Summer days are few ;
All the world is gwowing older—
" Baby too ! "

In my hand the baby fingers,
In my heart a pain ;
On mine ear an echo lingers—
" Come again ? "

CHESTNUTS.

“ Chestnuts,” lassie ?—I kiss the cup ;
Faith, ’tis a quaint request :
“ Fwesh ones,” lassie, “ or sh’ivell’d up—
Which do I like the best ? ”

Bless thee, lassie ! I like them both,
Seeing they come from thee ;
Sweet ones, lassie, I plight my troth,
“ Sh’ivell’d ” or “ fwesh,” to me !

“ Fwesh ones,” lassie, thy face reflect,
Mirror’d within—behold !
Features, lassie, the lave depict
“ Sh’ivell’d ” an’ “ sh’unk ” an’ old.

“ Chestnuts,” lassie ?—against thy cheek
Press them, an’ sweet they’ll be ;
“ Fwesh ones,” lassie, of thee shall speak,
“ Sh’ivell’d up ones ” of me !

"LITTLE BLACK HEATHEN!"

"Little Black Heathen!"—

Little and dear!

"Little Black Heathen,"

Christmas is near;

"Little Black Heathen"

(*Heathen* nor *black*!)

"Little Black Heathen,"

What do ye lack?

"Little Black Heathen,"

What shall I send?

"Little Black Heathen,"

Love without end!

"Little Black Heathen,"

What would ye more?

"Little Black Heathen,"

Kisses galore!

"Little Black Heathen,"

Nothing beside?

"Little Black Heathen,"

Blessings betide!

"Little Black Heathen,"

All I bequeath!—

"Little Black Heathen,"

Out at *Blackheath*!

HEIGH-HO !

I took my journey on a day—
 Heigh-ho, the world's a weary one !
The light of Love illumed the way—
 Heigh-ho, the world's a dreary one !

My steps toward the goal I sped—
 Heigh-ho, the world's a weary one !
My heart on Foolishness I fed—
 Heigh-ho, the world's a dreary one !

I reach'd at length my journey's end—
 Heigh-ho, the world's a weary one !
 * * * * *

A broken dream is ill to mend !—
 Heigh-ho the world's a dreary one !

PARADISE.

"How far is it to Paradise," my little laddie,
eh?—
My little Bird o' Paradise, I guess we're there
to-day!

"An' is it really Paradise," my little laddie,
"now?"—
My little Bird o' Paradise, I guess so anyhow!

"An' who is there in Paradise," my little
laddie? "who?"—
My little Bird o' Paradise, I guess there's room
for two!

"An' shall we stay in Paradise," my little
laddie, eh?—
My little Bird o' Paradise, I guess *I* mustn't
stay!

"An' why not stay in Paradise," my little
laddie? "why?"—
My little Bird o' Paradise, I guess I'll say
Goodbye!

"YOURS AFFECTINGLY."

"Yours affectingly"—aweel !
Laddie, be it sae ;
"Yours affectingly" tae feel
Ilka hoor for aye !

"Yours affectingly," wha late
Tae the valley crept,
Keeking brawly thro' the gate
Where the shadows slept.

"Yours affectingly"—the noo
Rend' d back tae me ;
Laddie, weel A wot it's true—
"Yours affectingly !"

"FAELS."

Lo ! my laddie runs to meet me,
With a mystic word ;
Hastes with bated breath to greet me—
" Say, then, have you heard ? "

" Have I heard ? heard what, I wonder ? "
" We've got faels at home ! "
O'er the mystic word I ponder—
Is some evil come ?

In my heart the question rises,
Fear my spirit goads ;
Some disease my soul surmises,
News of ill forebodes.

Whisper—" Shall I tell him, Daddy ? "
" Surely, laddie ; yes ! "
" *Faels !—you know !* " (indignant laddie !)
F-a-e-l-s ! "

" *F-a-e-l-s !*—I know not !
Prithee, laddie—*fleas ?*
F-l-e-a-s ?—I trow not !—
Tell me, laddie, please ! "

" *Faels !—you know !* they came this morning;
And a fael-house, too : "
On my mind a light is dawning—
" *Fowls*, my laddie ? . . . *oh-h !* "

AEGROTAT.

" Hit on your knee ?—I'm hix !
Hix, an' I'll hoon be heven !
I'm not a baby !—*nix* ! "
(Fain would I be forgiven !)

" Hit on the 'tool in'tead "
(Better the "'tool" by half !):
" Why do you 'hake your head ?
Hilly you are to laugh !

* * * * *

Fink I'll be goin' away—
Huch a big 'tummick-ache !
Not very well to-day ;
Horry I'd ho much cake !

" Plea' will you hend me home ?—
Hurry ! I'll hoon be hick !
'Tupid o' me to come
Pain i' me 'tummick !—*quick* ! "

MITER 'CHOOOLMA'TER.

" I'll be a 'choolma'ter ;
Come to my 'chool ! . . .
'Have yourhelves properly !—
'Tand on the 'tool !

" 'Gin with a 'pelling-class—
(What did you hay ?
Hilence ! no 'peaking there !)
Plea' to 'pell ' a.'

" Now then, Arithmetic :
Hi ! Mi'ter Dunce ;
Hundred an' fifty times—
How many ones ?

" Go to the bottom, hir ! . . .
What's to be done ?
Counting is easter—
Count up to one !

" Eh, but you're ignorant !
My, but you're bad !
Gracious, you're troublehome,
Driving me mad ! "

* * * *

Poor Mi'ter Pedagogue,
Daft to be driven !
Who'd be a 'choolma'ter
Aetatis heven ?

LADDIE, MY SAILOR-LAD!

Laddie, I guess your duds are new—

Laddie, my sailor-lad!

Buttons are stiff and they won't go thro'—

Laddie, my sailor-lad!

Laddie: "For years an' years an' years"

("Eight or nine," as it next appears)

Pack'd in a box were the duds he wears—

Laddie, my sailor-lad!

Laddie, my lad, I'd like to know—

Laddie, my sailor-lad!

How could it be so long ago—

Laddie, my sailor-lad?

Laddie is seven, or "nearly eight";

How could they have so long to wait?

Surely your duds are out of date—

Laddie, my sailor-lad!

Laddie: "Oh, yes! of course I'm wrong!"—

Laddie, my sailor-lad!

"They couldn't have been pack'd up so

Laddie, my sailor-lad! [long!]"—

Laddie, I guess they can't have been:

"I get mix'd up—it is *months* I mean!"

Laddie, my laddie, you're right, I ween—

Laddie, my sailor-lad!

THE WIGGLY-WAGGLY WAY.

" Oh, let us take a walk to-day
Along the wiggly-waggly way !
Between the pig-sty and the stack—
As far as Anywhere and back."

" The stack has gone ! "—" I guess it has ;
I wish they'd left it where it was !
The sty is empty there beyond ;
There's nothing but a dirty pond ! "

" The fence is broken down," I said ;
" Let's go the shorter way instead :
Don't let us take a walk to-day
Along the wiggly-waggly way."

" P'ETTY F'OW'RS ! "

Primroses ! primroses ! gather your fill !
Wind-flow'rs, anemones ! pluck what ye will !—
" Enemies," " Emilys," as ye may skill.

Oak-apples ! oak-apples ! bright celandine !
Fair Sally Willow, the " palm " shall be thine !—
Come with your baskets, ye children of mine !

Primroses ! oak-apples ! flow'rs of the wind !
" Enemies," " Emilys ! "—all of a kind ;
Catkins and celandine !—all ye can find !

MUD-PIES.

In Terra Cotta Country all the world is made
of clay,
The houses and the hedges and the trees,
The birds and beasts and flowers and the
fishes of the sea,
The jam and bread and butter and the
cheese.

The milk is made of water and the pies are
made of mud,
The puddings and the cakes are made of
sand ;
But, oh ! the pies and puddings, they were
very, very good
We learn'd to make in Terra Cotta Land !

DE PARNASSO.

Pray you, quit your book-lore,
Doff your learned looks ;
Not a sober look more !
Pack away your books !

Turn your faces earthways,
Don your pit-a-pats ;—
Elephants and birthdays,
Terra cotta cats ;

Carriages and cartwheels,
Castles on the sand—
Wot ye what the heart feels ?
Pray you, lend a hand !

Tally-ho, December !
Summer's sun is set :
Summer-days remember,
Winter-days forget !

Learning leadeth skywards,
O'er Parnassus' track ;
Puddingwards and piewards
Birthdays bring us back !

"SOMETHING TO PLAY."

To such as shall condescend
From pinnacle-years to bend ;
To such as from heav'n shall deign
To stoop to the earth again ;
To such as Parnassus' height
Shall quit for a meaner flight ;
To such as colossal lore
Shall doff for the charms of yore ;
To such as on Christmas day
Shall yield to the lust of play ;—
To such—if there any such creature be—
Here's "Something to Play"—will ye play
with me ?

EN AVANT !

Too big at twelve
To dig and delve
Upon the Sands of Vanity ;
Too stern and wise
To turn her eyes
To scenes of such inanity ;
Too grave and staid
To crave the aid
Of Impudence and Jollity :—
Too old, in sooth,
To hold the truth
In terms of such frivolity !

TO JANET.

I want to talk to Someone Small ;
I don't like Great Big Folk at all,
I never did, I never shall !—

I want to talk to Janet.

Eh, Janet Barbara, good-day !
Since Ev'rybody's gone away
There's No-one left with me to play—
I'd *like* to play with Janet !

There's No-one sitting on the shore,
For Summer's gone, to come no more
Till weary, weary Winter's o'er—
P'raps *then* I'll see you, Janet !

No picnic parties on the beach
With Joan and Janet (bless them each !)
For Summer days are out of reach—
And out of reach is Janet.

No making pictures on the sands,
Or muddy men with muddy hands,
For Summer's gone to other lands—
And gone away is Janet.

No paddling in the briny sea,
No spades and pails for you and me,
For Summer's over—can it be ?
And Winter's coming, Janet !

But I *must* talk to Someone Small ;
I don't like Great Big Folk at all,
I never did, I never shall !—
So let me talk to Janet !

"SOMETHING TO FIND."

With wistful thoughts of blissful days,
And forward-glances summerways.

Oh, the world is full of teaching
As we walk beside the way,
For a richer world outreaching
'Mid the pleasures of our play !
There are shells upon the shingle,
There are stones upon the shore—
As with learned folk we mingle,
How the world is full of lore !
Yet with all its wealth of learning
There are truths it cannot teach,
And the heart is full of yearning
For the heights beyond its reach !

TO NOBODY.

Oh, let Me write to Nobody,
Since Nobody has writ to Me !
Since Nobody has naught to say,
Let Me say nothing, anyway.
But Somebody with kind intent
To Me a souvenir has sent ;
So Somebody shall have a line
From Me of gratitude benign.
Since Somebody to Me is dear,
And Nobody is very near,
Let Me to Somebody confide
What Nobody shall hear beside :
P'raps Somebody will send to Me
A little line from Nobody,
And Somebody will something tell
That Nobody can say as well.
For there is Nobody at all
So sweet to Me as Someone Small!
For Great Big Folk are far too wise
With folk like Me to sympathise :
So let Me write to Nobody,
Since Nobody has writ to Me !

ALMOST A TWIN !

One day behindhand—
Almost a twin !
Hatch'd on the prairie
First to begin ;
Under the egg-shell
Pipeth a voice
One day beforehand—
Alice and Joyce.

TICK-TOCK !

Two young Chickens
An' one old Cock !—
The restless tickin's
Of Old Time's clock !
One more Christmas !
The Old Year gone !
The New Year comin' !—
An' the clock ticks on !

"NEVER NO USE."

With all the will in the world, my lass,
Whenever the well be dry,
It's never no use to pump, my lass,
It's never no good to try.

With all the will in the world, my lass,
An ever the dog be dumb,
It's never no use to bark, my lass,
For never no sound 'll come.

With all the will in the world, my lass,
Wherever the board be bare,
It's never no use to eat, my lass,
There's never no food to spare.

With all the will in the world, my lass,
However I wish thee well,
It's never no use to speak, my lass,
There's never no need to tell !

WHIT WAY ?

Twa letters writ A tae ma ain ;
Na letter got A back again :
Whit way ma hairt no sair sud't be,
Sin' hae ma bairns no answer'd me ?

Twa doots o' influence malign
Hae gripp'd this maudlin mind o' mine ;
Twa doots frae oot ma luv begot,
Whit way ma bairns hae answer'd not.

Twa thochts frae oot ma saul A send ;
Twa thochts upo' ma bairns attend :
Fu' bricht the day gin grey the morn ;
'Tis aye the darkest nigh the dawn !

“ PICTURES TO PAINT.”

Little one, look !—“ A book ! ”
What can it be ?—“ Let's see ! ”
Pictures to paint !—“ There ain't ! ”
Oh, but there are !—“ Hurrah ! ”
Something to eat !—“ How sweet ! ”
Elephant-pies !—“ How nice ! ”
Lions and bears !—“ Who cares ? ”
Pigs on the sand !—“ How grand ! ”
Such a queer lot !—“ They're not ! ”
What did you say ?—“ Hurray ! ”
Bring me a brush !—(A rush !)
Now, shall we try ?—“ Oh, my ! ”

“GRACIOUS!”

“Gracious! I were waiting,
Mr. Chanticleer;
Hoping you was coming,
Wishing you was here.

“Gracious! I were watching,
Peeping thro’ the gate;
When could you be coming?
Gracious! you was late!

“Gracious! I were wond’ring;
My! but I were sad!
When I see’d you coming,
Gracious! I *were* glad!”

“CALLY ME!”

“Cally me!”—bewitching sigh!
Who could say thee nay?
“Cally me!”—i’ faith, I’ll try;
“Just a ’ickle way!”

* * * *

“I *am* happy!”—So am I!
More than tongue can say.

BOW-WOW !

To Dick and Joan, with lots of love,
And all the best of wishes
That Christmas fare may ample prove,
And " Quib " may lick the dishes !

To Joan and Dick from *Chanticleer*,
With best of love for ever ;
The best of good throughout the year,
And best of luck to Quiver !

To Dick and Joan, to Joan and Dick,
With all that's best for either ;
But leave the plates for " Quib " to lick—
Too much is good for neither !

To Joan and Dick, to Dick and Joan—
And here to point the moral :
That none should feed himself alone,
Lest " Quib " be left to quarrel.

HOLLY AND BAY.

Eh, Dick, my laddie, and Joan, my lass,
The Christmas holly with bay is blent ;
For bliss there cometh a blight to pass,
The New Year dawneth with clouds besprent.

Eh, Dick, my laddie, the year is young,
And young thy heart as the buds of earth ;
Lo, Grief shall tarry the tombs among,
And Joy shall spring at thy feet to birth !

Eh, Joan, my lassie, the lamp of love
Shall light thy spirit along the way,
For Daddy is gone to the Home above,
But Mother and Dick are with Joan to-day.

Eh, Dick, my laddie, and Joan, my lass,
With Christmas glory the gloom is blent ;
With Easter dawn shall the darkness pass,
The clouds be scatter'd, the night be spent.

OTHERWHERE !

Ev'ry man is mortal,
Death hath claim'd his prey ;
Stealing thro' the portal,
Stolen thee away.

Lo, beside the entry,
Posted at the door,
Death hath set a sentry—
"Enter thou no more !

"Those of whom thou speakest,
Whom thou lovedst well,
Vainly here thou seekest—
Otherwhere they dwell."

* * * *

From the portal turning,
Wander I apart :
Who may gauge the yearning
Of a human heart ?

"TO TEA WITH JOAN."

"To tea with Joan"—'twas an unco treat ;
"To tea with Joan"—in the days of yore ;
"To tea with Joan"—and the tea was sweet ;
"To tea with Joan"—oh, my heart is sore !

"To tea with Joan"—"You must come again
"To tea with Joan"—in the days to be" ;
"To tea with Joan"—but I come in vain
"To tea with Joan"—she is gone from me !

"To tea with Joan"—lo, the house is bare ;
"To tea with Joan"—she is far away ;
"To tea with Joan"—there is no one there !
"To tea with Joan"—!—but she cudna stay.

"To tea with Joan"—'twas a treat in store ;
"To tea with Joan"—she is gone, my
chick !
"To tea with Joan"—I mun go no more
"To tea with Joan"—and to tea with Dick!

A DIRGE.

Gone ! and the green grass over thee,
Child of the long ago ;
Gone ! and the fresh turfs cover thee,
Child, and the sunset glow.

Gone ! and my heart yet frameth thee,
Child, from the years of yore ;
Gone ! and my soul yet nameth thee,
Child, as a child once more.

Gone ! and my thoughts yet cling to thee,
Child of the days gone by ;
Gone ! and their way they wing to thee,
Child, in the far-off sky.

Gone ! and the fresh turfs cover thee,
Child of the long ago ;
Gone ! and the green grass over thee,
Child that I used to know.

MA LASSIE.

A lo'ed a lassie—
Oh, quaint was she !
As quaint a lassie
As lass cud be.

A lo'ed a lassie—
Oh, sick was she !
Fu' sick ma lassie,
An' like tae dee.

A lo'ed a lassie—
Oh, well was she !
Guid gi'ed ma lassie
Agen tae me.

A lo'ed a lassie—
Oh, blithe was she !
Ma winsome lassie
Beside the sea.

A lo'ed a lassie—
Oh, dear was she !
"Ae day, ma lassie,
A'll win tae thee."

* * * * *

A lo'ed a lassie—
Oh, wha was she ?
Guid bless ma lassie
Whae'er she be !

A GRAVEN IMAGE.

"Daddy, what's a gwaven image ?"
(Daddy always understands !)

"What's a graven image, lassie ?
Just an idol made with hands."

"Dad, am *I* a gwaven image ?"—
Just an idle maiden she,
And I wonder'd at the question
As I took her on my knee.

"*You* a graven image, lassie ?"
(And I kiss'd the little hand):
"How are *you* a graven image ?—
Daddy doesn't understand."

"Don't you, Daddy ? but you said so !
Don't you 'member, Daddy dear ?"
And I bent my head to listen
As she whisper'd in my ear.

When a little maiden whispers,
Daddy always understands—
"*I'm* a gwaven image, Daddy ;
I'm an idle maid wiv hands !"

USQUE AD—

" I loves 'oo, Daddy ! "—" Does 'oo, lass ?
The wind is blowing from the north :
I wonder, an it came to pass,
How much my lassie's love is worth.

" I loves 'oo, Daddy !—can 'oo dess ? "
The wind is blowing from the east :
My laddie loves me less and less ;
My lassie's love is true, at least.

" I loves 'oo, Daddy !—s'all I tell ? "
The wind is blowing from the west ;
My laddie used to love we well ;
My las-ie ever loved me best.

" I loves 'oo, Daddy !—ever such—! "
The wind is blowing from the south :
" I loves 'oo, Daddy !—dess how much !
Wiv all de kisses in my mouf ! "

TWO LITTLE COLOUR'D FOLK.

Two little Cottage-Folk,
Once upon a time ;
Two little Colour'd Folk,
From a foreign clime.

Two little Cottage-Folk—
“ Who an' who are you ? ”
Two little Colour'd Folk—
“ Guess we dunno who ! ”

Two little Cottage-Folk—
“ Won't you come an' play ? ”
Two little Colour'd Folk—
“ Guess we'll run away ! ”

Two little Cottage-Folk—
“ Won't you please to wait ? ”
Two little Colour'd Folk—
“ Guess it's gettin' late ! ”

Two little Cottage-Folk—
“ Won't you come inside ? ”
Two little Colour'd Folk—
“ Guess we'll go an' hide ! ”

Two little Cottage-Folk—

“ Won't you tell us where ? ”

Two little Colour'd Folk—

“ Guess we'll come in here ! ”

Two little Cottage-Folk—

“ What can be the cause ? ”

Two little Colour'd Folk—

“ Guess it's Santa Claus ! ”

Two little Cottage-Folk—

“ What a funny man ! ”

Two little Colour'd Folk—

“ Find us if you can ! ”

MARGARET MATILDA.

Margaret Matilda was a wee, wee thing—
Margaret Matilda was her name :
If anything went wrong,
Nurse was sure to come along—
It was Margaret Matilda was to blame.

Margaret Matilda was a wee, wee thing—
Margaret Matilda, she was young :
If she took her for a walk,
Nurse would never let her talk—
It was, " Margaret Matilda, hold yer
tongue ! "

Margaret Matilda was a wee, wee thing—
Margaret Matilda, she was five :
If she wanted to sit down,
Nurse would greet her with a frown—
It was, " Margaret Matilda, look alive ! "

Margaret Matilda was a wee, wee thing—
Margaret Matilda, she was shy :
If you met her in the street,
Nurse would dub her *Miss Conceit*—
It was, " Margaret Matilda, ain't ye sly ? "

Margaret Matilda was a wee, wee thing—
Margaret Matilda, she was fair :
If you ask'd her for a kiss,
Nurse would visit her for this—
It was, " Margaret Matilda, don't ye dare ! "

Margaret Matilda was a wee, wee thing—
Margaret Matilda, she was quaint :
If you thought to tell her so,
Nurse would quickly let her know—
It was, " Margaret Matilda, that ye ain't ! "

Margaret Matilda was a wee, wee thing—
Margaret Matilda, she was grave :
If she ever saw her smile,
Nurse would glare at her the while—
It was, " Margaret Matilda, ye behave ! "

Margaret Matilda was a wee, wee thing—
Margaret Matilda, she was sad :
If she caught her shedding tears,
Nurse would box her on the ears—
It was, " Margaret Matilda, but ye're bad ! "

Margaret Matilda was a wee, wee thing—
Margaret Matilda, . . . *she is dead* :
When she found that she was ill,
Nurse " don't want no doctor's bill "—
It was, " Margaret Matilda, go to bed ! "

Margaret Matilda was a wee, wee thing—
Margaret Matilda, she was small :
When they laid her in the ground,
Nurse stood over her and frown'd—
It was Margaret Matilda, that was all !

EN PASSANT.

Thus and thus I meet thee,
Sober and demure ;
Tell me, shall I greet thee ?
How shall I be sure ?

What if thou reward me
With a stolid stare ?
Heedlessly regard me ?—
Tell me, shall I dare ?

Say, shall I ignore thee ?
Grimly pass thee by ?
Primly look before me
With averted eye ?

Nay, but I will dare thee,
Capture thee with guile ;
In a trap ensnare thee
Baited with a smile.

Thus and thus she met me,
Look'd at me and—*smiled !*
Ne'er shall I forget thee—
Just a little child !

EN ROUTE.

As speed I on from place to place,
A finger-post I see,
Beside the finger-post a face
That sweetly smiles on me.

A glance, a glimpse—mine eyes I lift
The finger-post to scan,
Then onward thro' the world I drift,
Nor see yon face again.

O Finger-post, that standest yet
Where pass'd I briefly by,
What time I scann'd thee with regret
And conn'd thee with a sigh ;

As speeding onward, mile by mile,
From place to place I glide,
The haunting sweetness of that smile
Doth still with me abide !

AVAUNT !

A face, a face
Of winsome grace,
As thro' the world I wander .
'Mid sylvan glades
The daylight fades
Where random roads meander.

A smile, a smile
Of elfin guile,
My wistful heart to capture,
Whom phantoms chase
From place to place
And witching thoughts enrapture !

A light, a light,
As falls the night ;
A gleam athwart the gloaming !
Avaunt ! avaunt !
Fair wraiths that haunt,
As thro' the world I'm roaming.

ASPELL.

Eyes that yield me look for look,
Eyes that meet and hold mine own,
Eyes that mine unflinching brook—
Eyes, sweet eyes, unknown!

Eyes to mine responsive knit,
Eyes I ne'er shall meet again,
Eyes mine eyes reluctant quit—
Eyes, sweet eyes, remain!

Eyes that gaze return for gaze,
Eyes that hold mine eyes aspell,
Eyes effulgent thro' the days—
Eyes, sweet eyes, farewell!

MY LITTLE ONE !

And who art thou, my little one ?
Right glad am I to meet thee !—
I ken thee not, my little one,
Yet fain am I to greet thee.

And who art thou, my little one ?
May all that's good betide thee !—
I ken thee not, my little one,
Yet in my heart I hide thee.

And who art thou, my little one ?
May Earth be fair about thee !—
I ken thee not, my little one,
Yet cannot do without thee.

And who art thou, my little one ?
May angel-hands uphold thee !—
I ken thee not, my little one,
Yet doth my love enfold thee.

And who art thou, my little one ?
May Heav'n be bright above thee !—
I ken thee not, my little one,
Yet warrant thee I love thee !

MORNING DEW.

Sweet my laddie, sweet my lassie,
Of the tender years !
Fast, how fast, the dew of morning
Melts and disappears !

Lo ! above the far horizon,
Out the realms of night,
Mounts the sun the vault of heaven,
Scales the azure height.

Swiftly shrink the western shadows,
Stretch'd along the land ;
Who shall bid the morning tarry ?
Charge the sun to stand ?

Soon, how soon, attain'd the zenith
Of his path on high !
Once again the shadows lengthen
Toward the eastern sky.

To the realms of night returning
In the golden west,
Sweet my laddie, sweet my lassie,
Sinks the sun to rest !

VISION OF BLISS.

Lying in wait at the garden-gate—
Two-and-a-half or three ;
Lips a picture and eyes a song,
Rollicking smile and a roguish tongue,
Vision of bliss as I pass along—
Lying in wait for me !

Smit to the heart with an artless art—
How shall I pass thee by ?
Blessings descend on thy guileless pate !
Fain would I tarry beside the gate ;
Vision of bliss, it were sweet to wait !—
Smit to the heart am I !

Up and agone !—and I hie me on,
Ever adown the way ;
Bubbles afloat in a filmy sky,
Gossamer threads that the fairies ply ;—
Vision of bliss, must I pass thee by ?
Up and agone for aye ?

" SKIPPETY."

Pent behind the pearly gates—
 " Skippety," my " Skippety " !
On my tongue a title waits—
 " Skippety," my " Skippety " !
How to bring my thought to birth,
Wield me words and weigh their worth,
Fit the phantasy for earth—
 " Skippety," my " Skippety " !

Nay, no phantom fancy thou—
 " Skippety," my " Skippety " !
Soothly, flesh and blood enow—
 " Skippety," my " Skippety " !
Lithe and limber, sweet and small,
Bounding, bouncing like a ball,
Blithesomely thy footsteps fall—
 " Skippety," my " Skippety " !

Mine a fond and foolish heart—
 " Skippety," my " Skippety " !
Aye " reliable " to smart—
 " Skippety," my " Skippety " !
Sped a sure and subtle shaft,
Raked my spirit fore and aft,
Captured me with cunning craft—
 " Skippety," my " Skippety " !

PEEK-A-BOO !

Thoughts that my soul elude,
Wistful and tear-bedew'd,
Blissful and rainbow-hued—
 Who shall explain ?
He that would understand,
Let him of Love demand,
“ What is within thine hand ?
 Pleasure or Pain ? ”

Love, with a laugh, “ Behold !
Chaff, an the truth be told ;
Dross, with a glint of gold—
 Prithee beware ! ”
“ Nay, but the truth were sweet ;
Gold and the flour of wheat—
What doth thine hand secrete ?
 Prithee declare ! ”

Love, with a sigh, “ Be still !—
Yet, an thou wilt, I will ” :
Whisper'd my soul, athrill,
 “ So let it be ! ”
Softly she spake and smiled ;
Forth from her hand, beguiled,
Peep'd there a little child,
 Smiling at me.

COR MEUM.

O'er the chords of my heart
Stray the fingers of Art,
And the notes of the music are languid and
dull ;
O'er the strings from Above
Steals the finger of Love,
And the strains of the anthem are fervid and
full.

Thro' the length of the days
Aye the world-music strays,
As the years to their close ever restlessly fleet ;
While anon to the skies
From my heartstrings arise,
'Neath the finger of Love, artless melodies
sweet.

Oh, the music of earth !
What is all of it worth,
As the cadence of Art ever rises and falls ?
To a breath from Beyond
All my heartstrings respond,
And the zephyr of Love all my nature en-
thrals !

AUX ENFANTS.

Pearls upon the highway,
Gems adown the street,
Sparkling in the sunshine,—
Children that I meet.

Buds about the hedgerow,
Flow'rs along the way,
Blossoms of the Springtime,—
Children at their play.

Bubbling of the fountain,
Purling of the rill,
Babbling of the brooklet,—
Children's hearts athrill.

Verdure of the cornfields,
Azure of the sky,
Vesture of the woodlands,—
Children I espy.

Lustre of the dewdrops
Glist'ning on the grass,
Molten in the sunlight,—
Children that I pass.

THOUGHTS.

Thoughts beyond expressing,
Thoughts that inly brood,
Brooking not confessing,
With the world afeud.

Thoughts beyond revealing,
Thoughts that dimly glide,
'Neath the surface stealing
Of the silent tide.

Thoughts beyond discerning,
Thoughts that darkly flow ;
Fathomless the yearning
Of the heart below.

Thoughts beyond expounding,
Thoughts excelling speech ;
Depths that know no sounding,
Heights exceeding reach.

Thoughts beyond the telling,
Thoughts no heart may share,
'Neath the bosom swelling,
Infinitely fair.

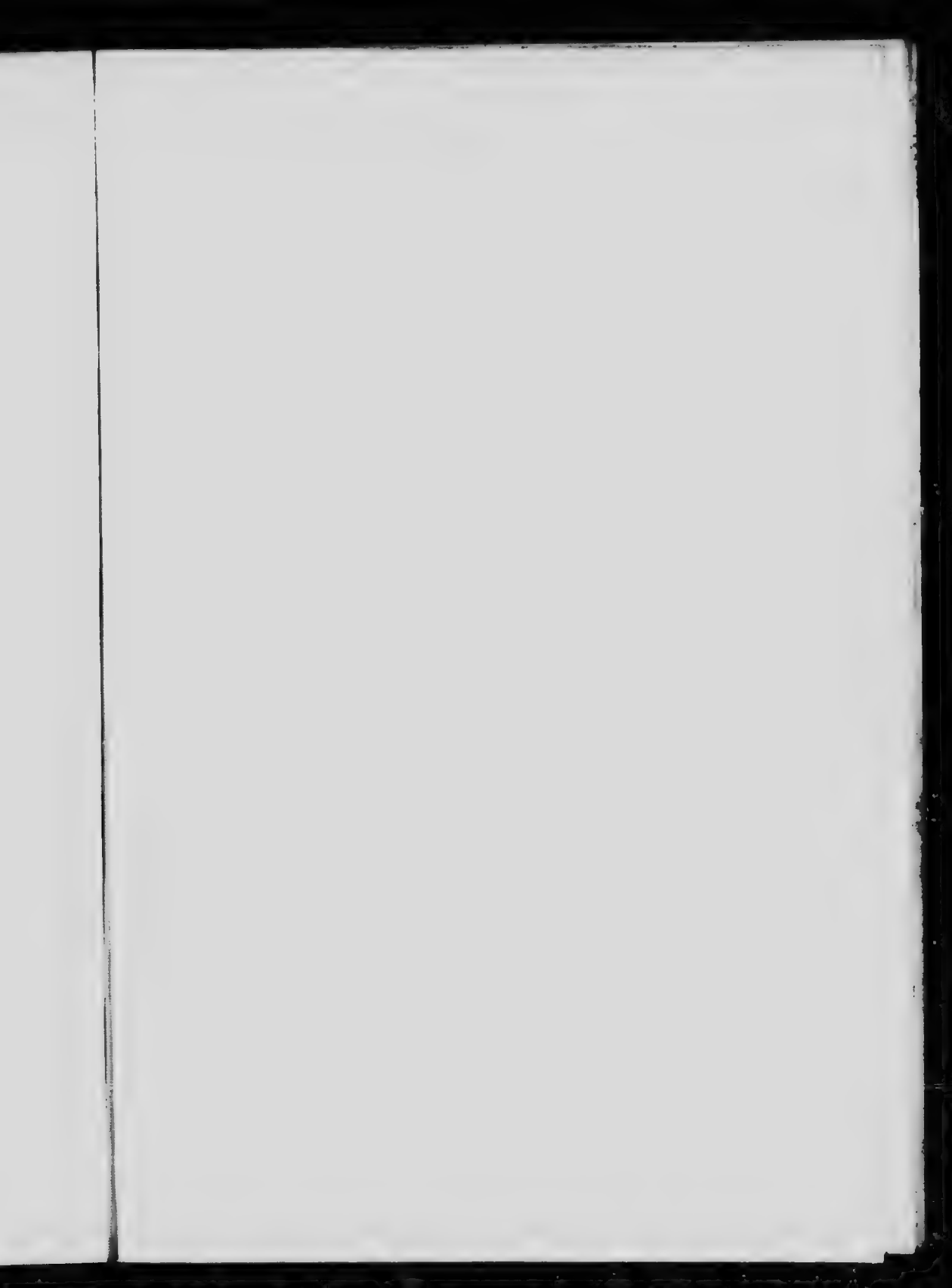
Thoughts beyond proclainging,
Thoughts that none may know
Sweet beyond the naming—
Thoughts with love aglow !

OF AGE.

So thou in turn the goal hast gain'd,
Thy foot upon the summit set
Of primal height :
Life's steeps invite
To sterner effort than as yet ;
Thou, child no longer, hast attain'd
To where, above
The valley, Love
Dons Duty's dignity of debt.

Such love be with thee, even she,
Protectress of thy childhood's days,
Her beams to shed
Where others tread,
Thro' thee to lighten others' ways ;
The while, in gracious ministry,
Thy pilgrim feet
Her presence sweet
Illumineth with kindred rays.

For, lo ! beyond thy vantage-ground
Burst higher heights upon thy view ;
Before thee still,
From hill to hill,
Behold the track thou shalt pursue,
With vital energy, till, crown'd
The latest crest,
Thy feet shall rest
With Love in Paradise anew !





PRAETERITA.

PRÆTERITA.

How they rise, these phantom faces,
 Glinting thro' the night !
How they gleam, with twofold glamour
 Of refracted light !
Fain would we arise, arrest them,
Of their phantom guise divest them,
With our waking eyes attest them,
 As of yore.

How they wax, these budding blossoms
 Of life's early days !
How they grow, these childish figures,
 Out of childhood's ways !
Fain would we retard, retain them,
Under watch and ward restrain them,
By our fond regard regain them !—
 Nevermore !

How they wane, these hours of sunshine,
 As the days revolve !
How they melt, these months of blessing !
 Into years dissolve !
Fain would we expand, expend them
With a jealous hand, extend them,
To a strong command commend them
 True and sure !

THE WORLD GROWS OLD.

Oh ! ever the World grows old and gray,
But ever a lie the truth pursues,
For ever her childhood melts away,
Yet ever the World her youth renews.

I meet them anon as the years go by—
The World grows young as I watch them
pass ;
The restless limb and the artless eye,
The frolicsome lad and the winsome lass.

I met you, methinks, in the days of yore,
O blithesome laddie and maiden sweet !
The World was young when we met before ;
The World grows old and again we meet.

Ah me ! it is false ! for I know you not ;
I know you not and ye know not me :
The World grows old—I had half-forgot ;
The World is not what it used to be.

For ever the World grows old and gray,
Tho' ever a lie the truth pursue ;
And ever her childhood melts away,
Tho' ever the World her youth renew.

JACK O'LANTHORN.

Ever, ever onward,
Down the vale of years,
Restless Jack O'Lanthorn
Flits and disappears;

Onward, ever onward
Under changing skies,
Glow and gleams fulgent
Sinks and falls and dies

Onward, ever onward;
'Neath a phantom fire,
Fatuous, elusive
Morishes all mire.

Ever, ever onward,
Treadeth and mute,
Beckoneth O'Lanthorn,
In a vain pursuit.

RETRORSUM.

Not always as we older grow
The more the right pursue we ;
Full oft the more the world we know,
The more the journey rue we.

Tho' all the wisdom of the world
By dint of age attain we,
What profit, an the flag unfurl'd
Of Innocency stain we ?

" The Child is father of the Man "—
How oft the Child disgrace we !
What time our steps, as best we can,
In penitence retrace we !

AT EVENTIDE.

"The day goeth away ; . . the shadows
of the evening are stretched out."—*Jer. vi., 4.*

As, when from her earthly calling
Turns my soul to worship Thee,
Shadows of the evening, falling
On my path, encompass me ;

So, Lord, to Thyself returning,
In obedience to Thy call,
On my path, Thy voice discerning,
Shadows of the evening fall.

Shades of night ? nay ! beams of morning,
Heralding eternal day ;
Harbingers of such a dawning
As shall never fade away.

Lord, be such my journey's ending,
As returns my soul to Thee ;
Light at evening-time descending
On my path to welcome me !

HEAVEN'S NURSERIES.

"Look for me in the nurseries of heaven."

Flits my soul, her fetters riven,
As a bird, to Zion's hill ;
In the nurseries of heaven
Ye shall find me, an ye will ;
Where the children's spirits gather,
Where the childish voices ring,
In the mansions of the Father,
In the palace of the King.

L'ENVOI.

To Years to Be ! . . . to Years that Were,
What Grief or Happiness soe'er
Such Years have held,—*"No Thoro'fare !"*

a."

ere,